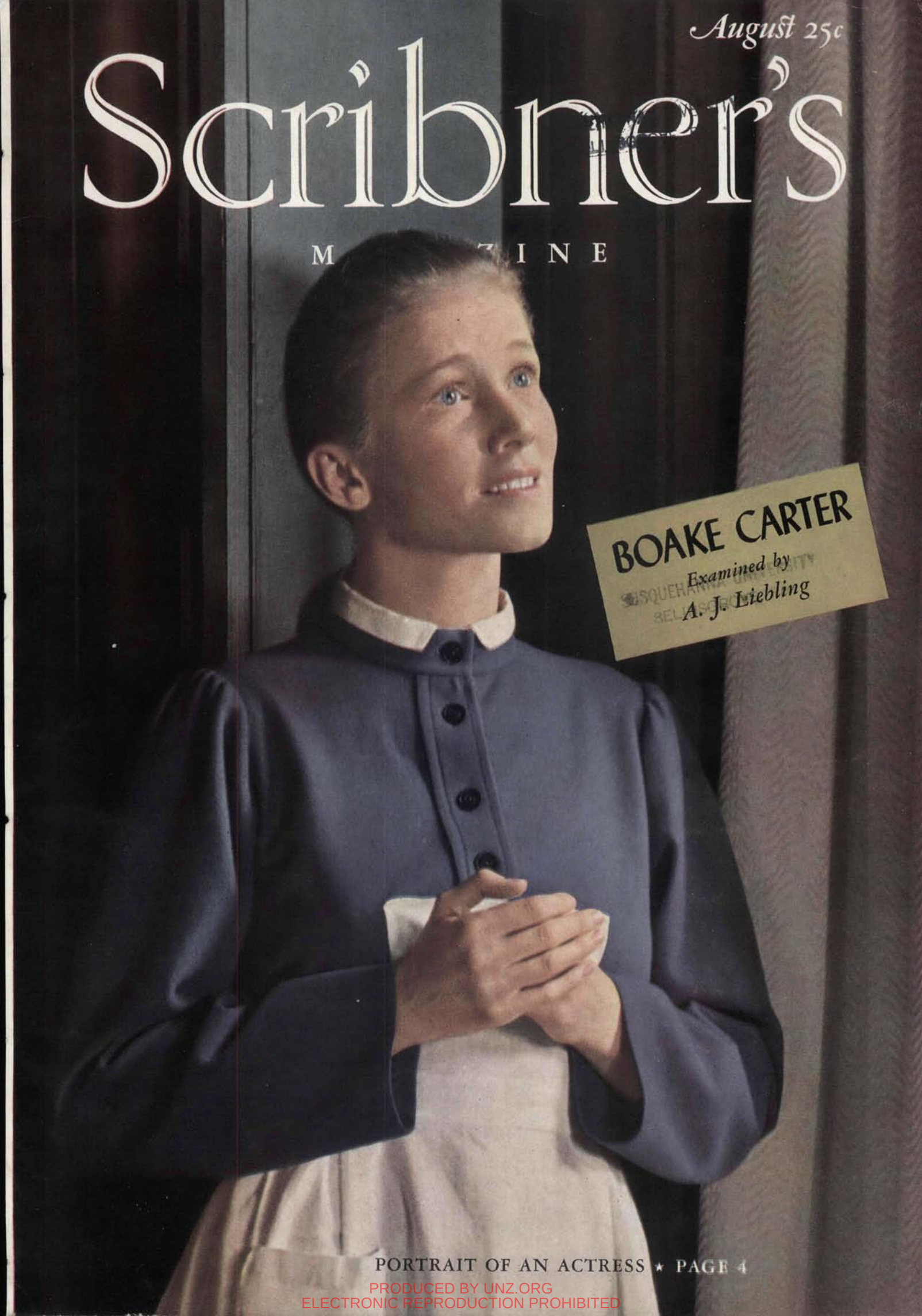
August 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE



BOAKE CARTER

Examined by
A. J. Liebling

PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS ★ PAGE 4

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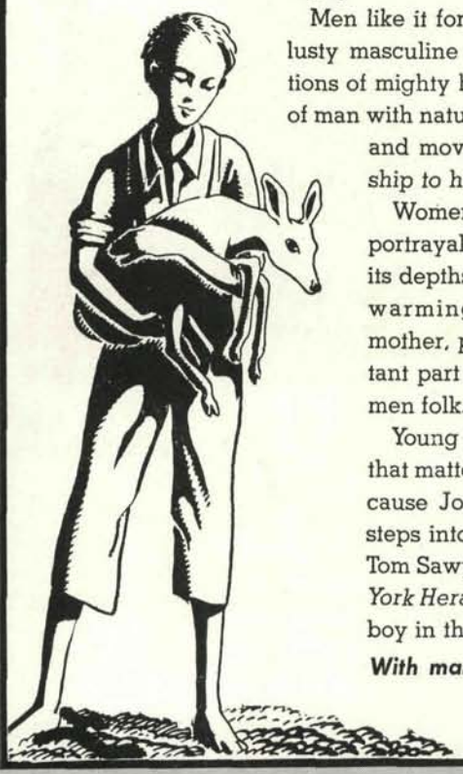

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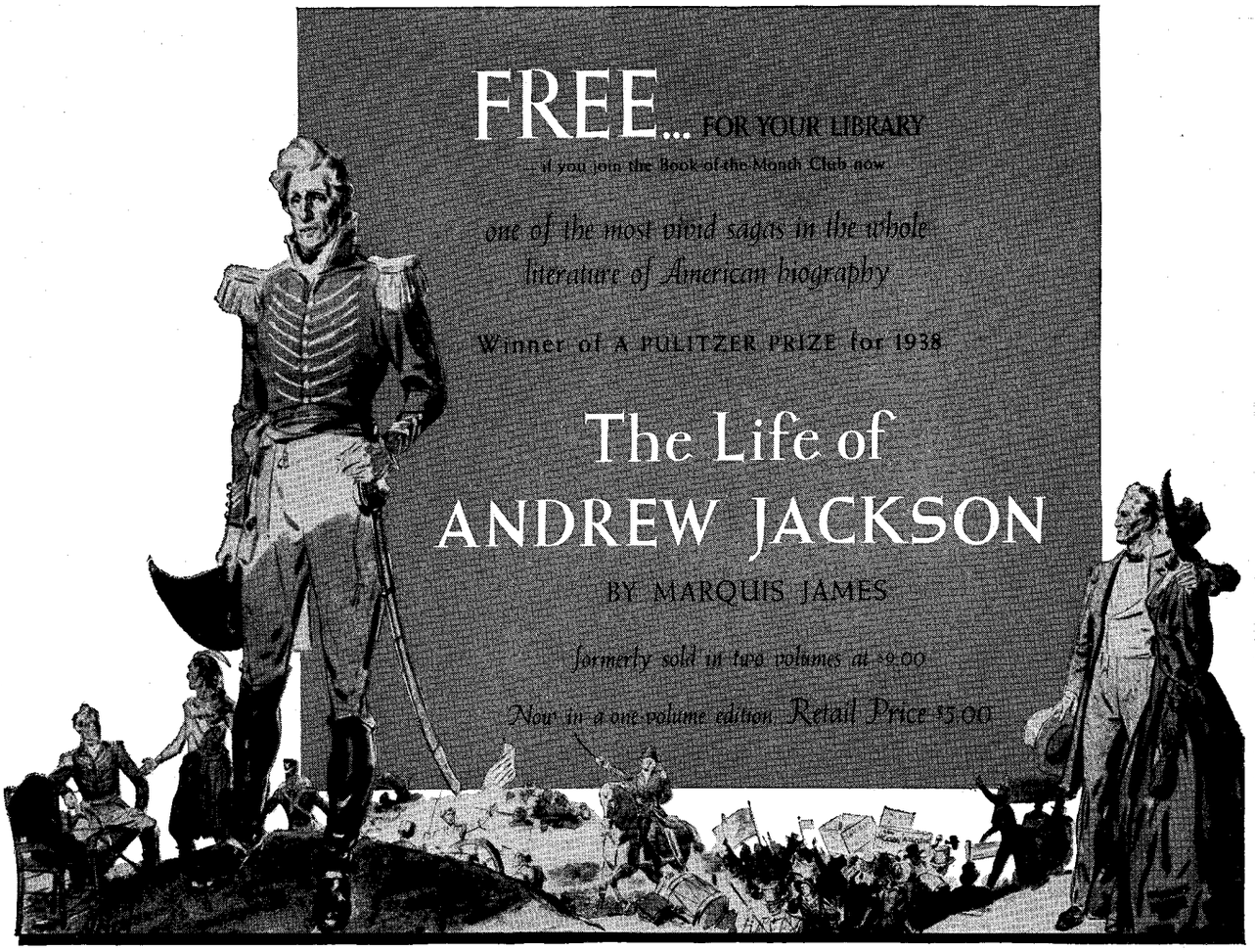
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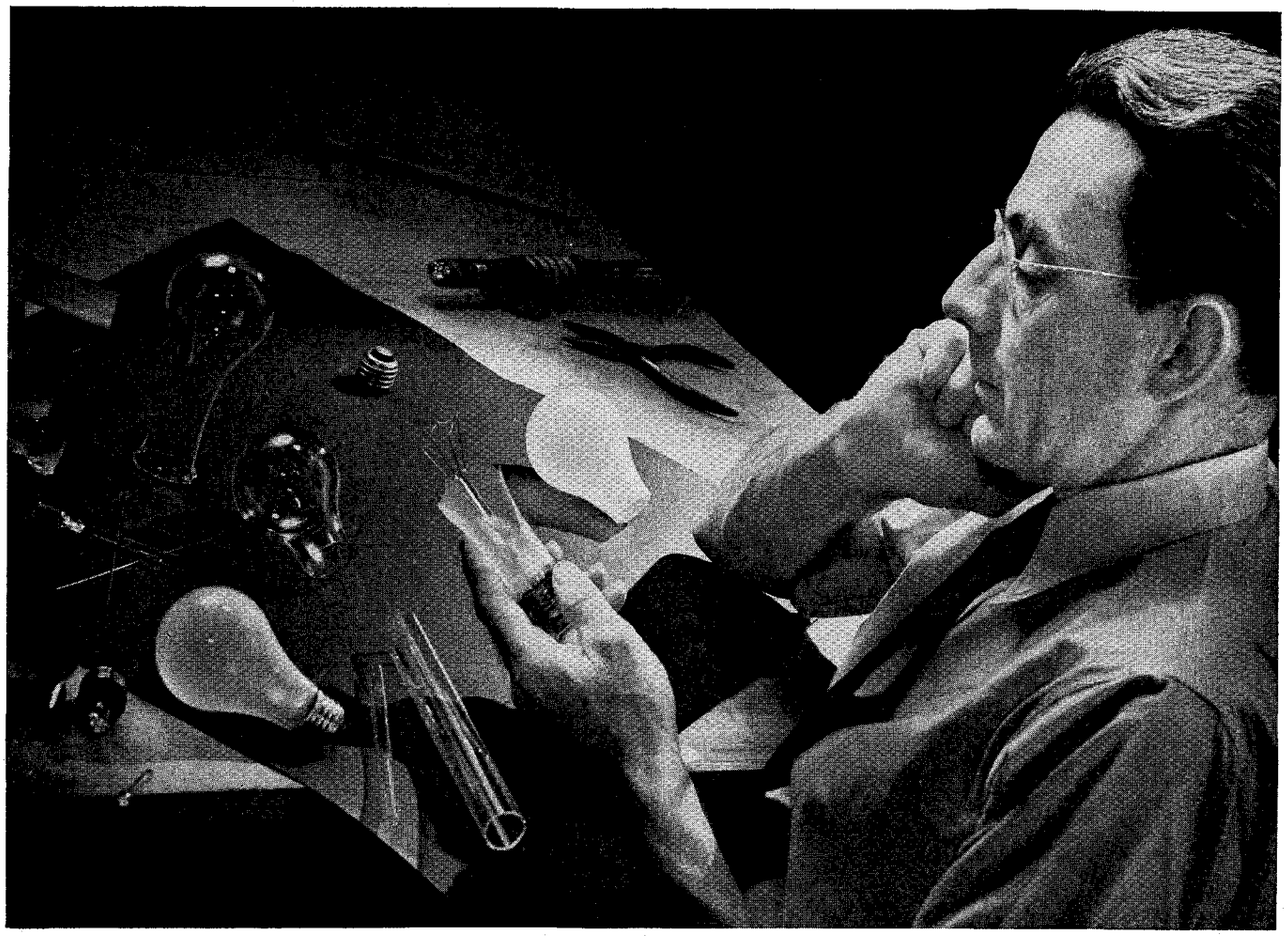

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TO MAKE it by hand—to dig the sand and make the glass; to blow and etch the bulb. To mine the tungsten, hammer it into a ductile wire, draw it finer than a human hair, coil it into a filament. To produce the sheet brass and shape it for the base.

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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

August, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 2

With our September issue we are undertaking the publication of a short novel each month. Our objective is to present twelve distinguished novels a year, and our opener seems to get us off to a good start: "What's in It for Me?" by Jerome Weidman, whose first novel (*I Can Get It for You Wholesale*) was a consistent best-seller last season . . . Other high spots in the September issue include the seventh article in our series on magazines that sell and an entertaining feature about overrated Americans . . . We are also examining the passenger-getting techniques of American airlines—an article by J. C. Furnas packed with unexpected data . . . Thomas Sugrue will be back again with another "Scribner's Examines" article . . . Also five pages of "Life in the United States" photographs; a "Life in the United States" article; Don Herold and "The Scribner Quiz"; and our regular departments.

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ARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* DON WHARTON, *Executive Editor;* HARRY O. DIAMOND, *Art Director;* LOMBARD JONES, JAMES R. MILLER, WALTER WALKER, *ociate Editors;* WARREN MAYERS, *Business Manager;* FRANK COMTOIS, *Advertising Manager;* BERT GARMISE, *Circulation Director;* W. EDWIN CLAPHAM, *Treasurer.* blished monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50. Copyright, 1938, in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Harlan Logan ociates, Inc. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or condensed form without permission. All manuscripts should be accompanied stamped envelopes for return. Not responsible for unsolicited material. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post Office at New rk, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry, Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

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AND THE OLDEST LINE
to
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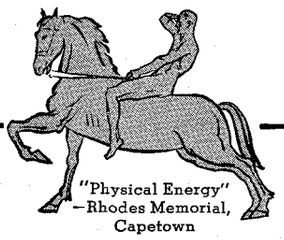

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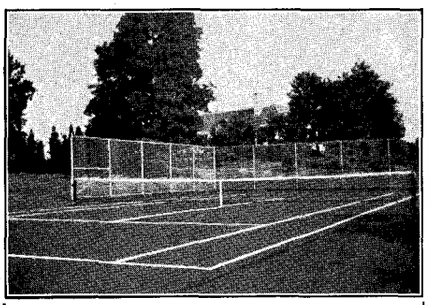

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Actress (*See Cover*)

Julie Haydon has been a growing name in the theater since January 26, when *Shadow and Substance* opened on Broadway. Julie arrived that night, after some ten years of storybook diligence.

She was born in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, and was christened Donella Donaldson. At nine she was taken by her father, a newspaperman, to Hollywood, where she went to school and acquired a full-blown passion for acting. Eventually she began getting a few parts in Little Theater plays and unimportant films. While she was working for R. K. O., David Selznick and several other people got together and changed her name to Julie Haydon (rhymes with maiden).

Julie's first real break was in *The Scoundrel.* This film almost brought her a moving-picture career, but soon she was lost in the shuffle—someone noticed her resemblance to Ann Harding, and she was miscast into obscurity.

Last summer, George Jean Nathan, who had read the script of *Shadow and Substance,* saw Julie and thought she was a natural for the female lead—Brigid, ethereal, childlike maidservant. He persuaded her to come east, but when she arrived in New York the rôle was already filled. After she had spent a few months in summer stock, the rôle was open again. When she applied for it, Eddie Dowling, the producer, took one look at her and knew she was right. The rest is dramatic history.

Winner

In our July issue we announced that we would give a life subscription to the person who *first* identified the sentence from which sprang the article "The Great Speedup." At the end of a week after publication, we had received telegrams, letters, and telephone calls from 468 readers, who, it seems, picked virtually half the sentences in the article.

The winning sentence is the 19th in the article: "In 1930 the total daily mileage run off by American passenger trains at a mile a minute (or more) was 1100; today it exceeds 45,000, and is being increased every month."

The person who first identified this sentence is Alex Norton, 2713 Walnut Avenue, Evanston, Ill. To Mr. Norton, a life subscription; to other readers who responded, thanks; and to all readers, more data next month on what now appears to be one of the most spontaneous reader-responses in recent magazine history.

$1 Bill

After taking Mr. Caspers' surrealism article to press (page 17), someone around the office said, "Look at a dollar bill." We looked and on the bill saw what appears to be a perfect example of surrealism in overalls: *i.e.,* the Great Seal of the United States. The Seal was adopted by the Continental Congress in 1782, and thus is older than the Constitution. It was designed by William Barton, who (like some of the current surrealists) was not an artist. Barton was an English-born lawyer who settled at Lancaster, Pa., and eventually became a judge. There is no record of his designing anything other than the Great Seal.

There are several interesting facts about the reverse of the Seal (the obverse has the eagle): The pyramid is supposed to symbolize strength; the triangle, perfection; the eye, ever-watchful providence. Our Latin scholars tell

us that *annuit coeptis* means "He [God] has smiled on our undertakings" and that *novus ordo seclorum* means "new order of the ages"—the Founding Fathers' way of saying New Deal. Incidentally, the Great Seal is not reproduced on $5, $10, $20, $50, or $100 bills.

Notes

Harland Manchester is now at work on the eighth article in our series on magazines that sell. . . . A. J. Liebling has worked for the New York *Times, World, World-Telegram,* and *The New Yorker.* . . . Frank Caspers works for Ferargil Galleries. . . . Gretta Palmer has written for a dozen magazines and newspapers. . . . Edward Horton is an advertising copywriter.

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SCRIBNER'S SECOND LIFE IN THE U.S. CONTEST

1ST PRIZE $1000

THE IDEA...

"Life in the United States" is the designation for the brief articles of personal experience which SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE publishes. The experience may be noble, tragic, funny, or exasperating . . . it may have occurred on Park Avenue or Main Street or R.F.D. No. 1 . . . it may have happened to a murderer, millionaire, or minister — but it must be authentically American.

The articles — *Must be:* True, not fictional, not distorted; contemporary, not historical. *Should be:* Told in the first person (preferably); told straightforwardly, without "literary" embellishment; narrated, not described or explained; typical rather than unique. *Must not be:* Essays on quaint cults and customs; observations on how the other half lives; traditional literary essays.

Examples of "Life in the United States" articles published in SCRIBNER'S include: An onlooker's account of the savage behavior of a crowd in stripping an airplane in which a girl flyer had met death ("Souvenir Hunters," July, 1938). A villager's account of a typical Maine town meeting ("First Monday in March," March, 1938). A motorist's account of a fatal accident ("I Killed a Man," September, 1937).

THE RULES...

1. All entries must be postmarked before noon, November 1, 1938.
2. Enter manuscripts early, if possible — preferably typewritten and double-spaced.
3. Address them to Life in the United States Contest, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.
4. Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for return — otherwise the manuscript will not be entered in the contest or acknowledged.
5. Manuscripts should be between 500 and 4000 words in length. A contestant may enter as many manuscripts as he wishes.
6. Employees of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and members of their families are not eligible.
7. The Judges will be the Editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE; their decisions will be conclusive and binding on all manuscripts entered in this contest.

Prizes →

First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	250
10 additional Prizes, each	100

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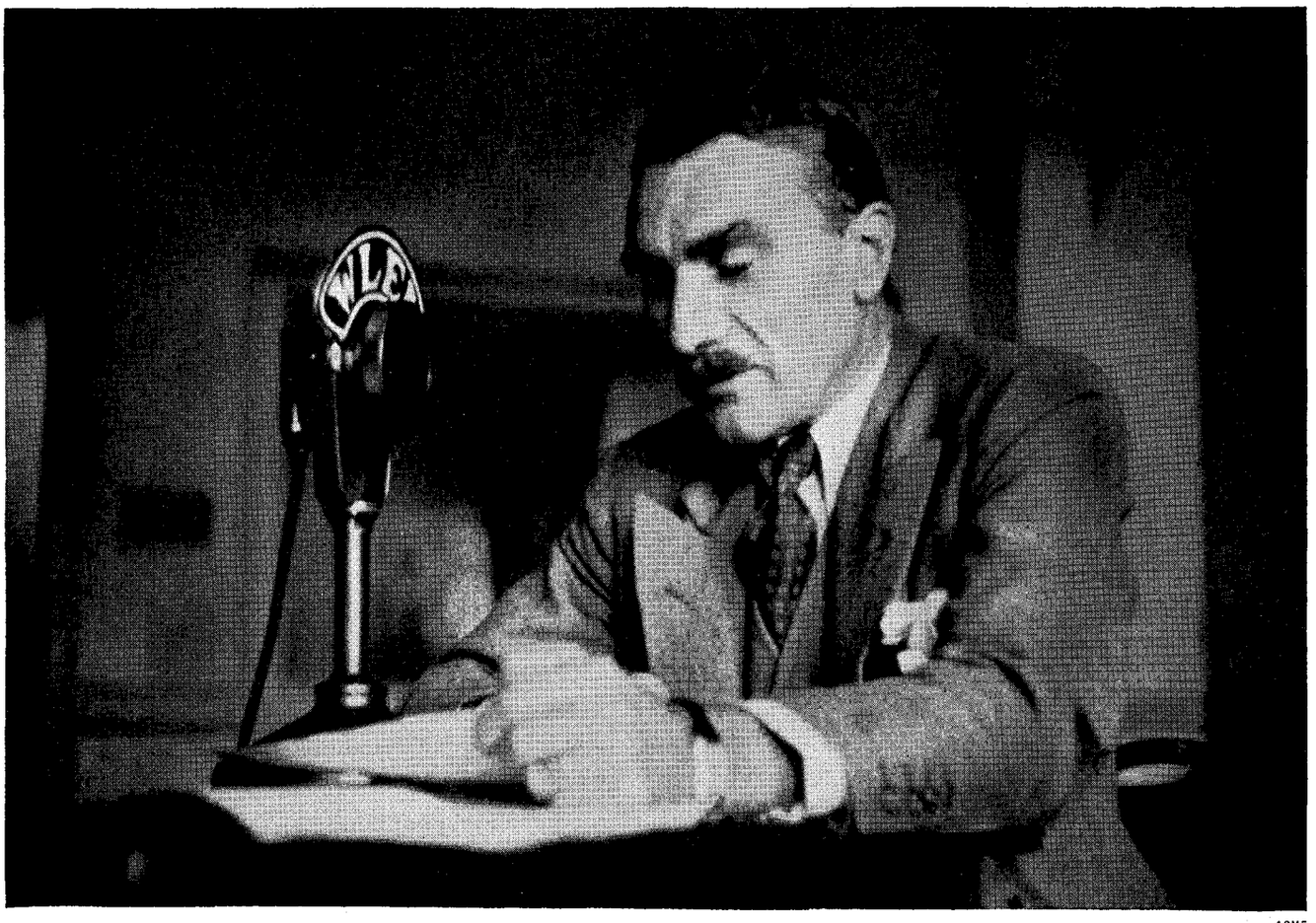

ACME

Boake Carter

BY A. J. LIEBLING

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *radio's most popular news commentator . . . the Briton who lectures to 5,000,000 Americans . . . his pet convictions and theatrical delivery*

BOAKE CARTER is one of the few radio personalities familiar to the public through photographs, since he endorses Gillette Razor Blades, the Nash Automobile, travel by Pullman, the Underwood Typewriter, *et cetera.* He has high cheekbones, deep-set eyes with clearly marked brows, a precisely trimmed red mustache, and a truculent chin, all of which photograph well. No full-length shots of Carter are used in advertising or publicity, since he is not more than five feet, six inches tall.

Carter was born in Baku, South Russia, the son of Thomas Carter, a British oil man who was to settle in Philadelphia after the World War. Carter, père, was British Consular Agent at Baku. For a while after the War he was a director of a Philadelphia oil-refining company, but lost his money before he died and left his son nothing. Boake Carter worked in the oil fields of South America and Oklahoma after the War, then followed his father to Philadelphia, where he got a job on a newspaper.

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PULLMAN
Is My Preference
says
BOAKE CARTER
Noted Radio News Editorialist
When I have to "hop off" on a trip, Pullman is my preference. Almost every trip I make ends at a strange place. I have to arrive fresh, ready to work. On distress and dozens of trips around the country, and on many shorter rides, too, I always pick a Pullman drawing room because of its homelike comfort and privacy.
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Incredibly Perfect Service
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Among others who shared Carter's preference were Edgar A. Guest, Sheila Barrett, and Tony Sarg

This was nothing unique. Most news staffs in this country include one Britisher. The expatriate Briton seldom becomes a good local newspaperman. He won't condescend to learn the minutiae of state and city politics, and his accent makes him an object of repugnance to plebeian interviewees. But he is crammed full of exotic and, for the most part, extraneous information, like the distance in miles from Rangoon to Mandalay, the history of the Eton collar and the proper way to pronounce Magdalene College. He has glamorous antecedents, of which he drops frequent, modestly fragmentary hints. He has invariably been a War hero, although his innate reserve overwhelms him just as he is about to specify the nature of his heroism. From reading news stories he has developed three ironclad opinions of American life: Politicians are corrupt; crime is rampant; Americans are gullible, not to say simple-minded, persons to put up with it. "We've precious little of that in England."

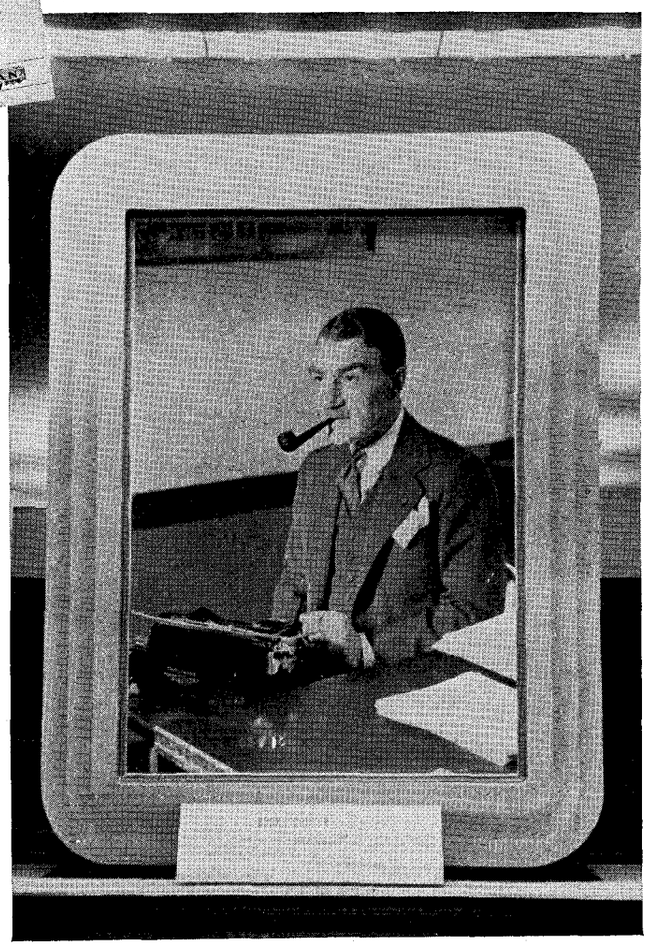
Put any newspaper Englishman on the radio, and you'd get something very like Boake Carter, whose broadcasts, five evenings a week, are heard over approximately 2,500,000 receiving sets in all parts of the United States. His audience must range between five and ten million persons. He spends about $35,000 a year on news coverage, but his voice conveys a hereditary, probably geographical, intimacy with destiny. It costs his sponsors nearly a million dollars a year to put the $35,000 worth of news on the air.

One of Carter's favorite anecdotes concerns an interview he says he had with Joseph P. Kennedy before Kennedy was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

" 'Don't take it, Joe,' I begged him," Carter says. " 'You can stay here and be of great service to your country. If you go over there, those Englishmen will pull the wool over your eyes and steal your pants; I know. I've *been* one of them.' " Pronounced, of course, *"bean."*

This protective attitude of the Briton toward the Bagobo among whom he has cast his lot is entirely sincere. That is why criticism sometimes annoys Carter. He interprets it as ingratitude. It is perhaps more than an accident that the two radio commentators issuing the most positive dicta on all phases of American life were born British subjects. Father Coughlin is the other.

Carter is perhaps the only man in America who is equally execrated by C.I.O. leaders and retired admirals. During the Little Steel strike of 1937, he



Taken in Carter's Philadelphia office, this photo (46″x53″) *was displayed in Underwood's New York show window*

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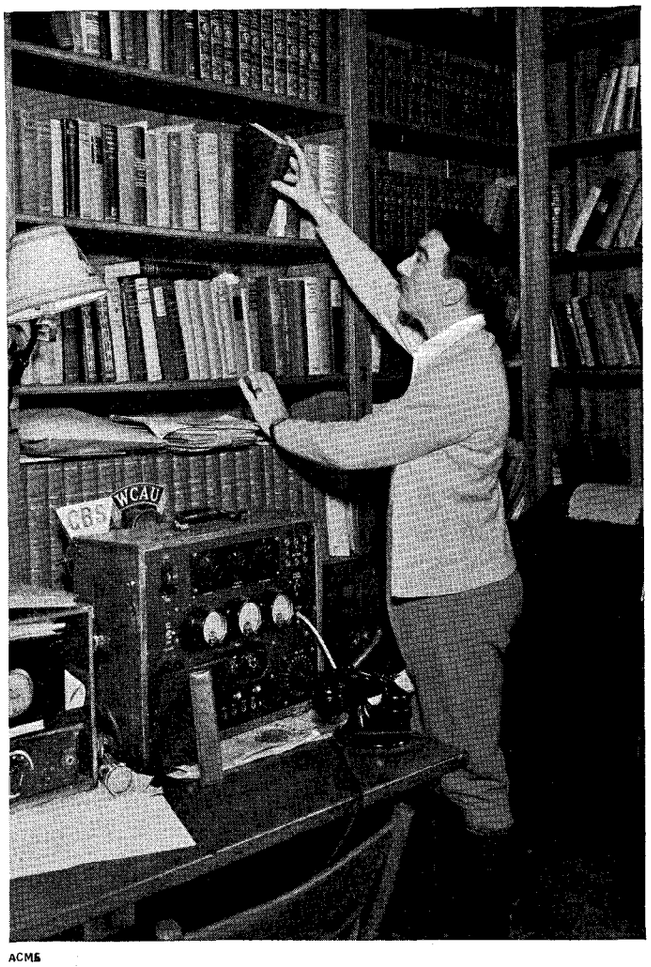
called the C.I.O. a tyranny and John L. Lewis a dictator who had intimidated the President. In consoling mood he reminded his public of how quickly the Fascist regime had followed upon a wave of sitdown strikes by industrial unionists in Italy. Carter apparently believed that the vigilante movements in Little Steel towns were spontaneous repudiations of collective bargaining.

It is certain that Carter did not follow instructions from his employers in these attacks on labor. Officials of the Philco Radio and Television Corporation, his sponsors at the time, squirmed under the bombardment of complaints by labor leaders. During the summer of 1937 it became common knowledge in radio circles that Carter would be at liberty after the expiration of his contract in January, 1938. But Philco officers insisted that for the duration of his contract they had no power to interfere with Carter's expression of his views.

Carter's quarrel with the admirals is based on his insistence that airplanes are a serious threat to battleships in war and that large outlays for naval construction are therefore likely to prove useless. Each outburst from the admirals draws a riposte when some incident like the bombing of the Spanish battleship *España* offers a news peg for Carter's argument. He has prolonged the controversy for years, for he believes that "an editor to provoke response must go out on the limb in every editorial." He likes to think of himself as an editor and, in the plane vs. battleship controversy, to employ the preface "Having once been a military pilot." He was once in a Royal Air Force training school in Scotland, where he injured a leg.



ACME

Carter in his Torresdale library; transmitter on the left, teletype on the right, books (including 4 he wrote) at hand

In his early radio days, he studied the radio technique of Father Coughlin, who, Carter says, "always titillates his listeners—he's provocative." As a columnist, Carter idealizes Westbrook Pegler, "because Peg is always out on a limb." But to go out on the limb several times a day, five days a week, with any feeling of security, requires an enormous documentation. Carter says that he once studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, but his "square" name, Harold Thomas Henry Carter, does not appear in any available list of graduates. He is under the necessity of acquiring this documentation as he goes along—sometimes within a few minutes of his broadcast. Yet the assurance must never be absent from his voice, or he will lose his hold on the imagination of his awed public. The note of precise, boding British omniscience must be maintained at all costs.

II

Seven years ago, already mature and the father of a six-year-old girl, Carter was earning fifty dollars a week as a rewrite man, copyreader, and assistant city editor on the Philadelphia *Daily News,* a tabloid in a city which is the Great Dismal Swamp of American Journalism. Colleagues considered him a fancy writer but not much of a reporter. Like all newspaper Englishmen he smoked a pipe beautifully. He possessed an English accent which he had carefully defended against the ravages of eleven years' exposure to the American tongue in oil fields and city rooms and rather relished being kidded about it. Carter had a friendly though slightly pompous manner, lots of energy, and was on the whole popular with other Philadelphia newspapermen. He was married to Olive Richter, assistant society editor of the *Bulletin,* and on their combined salaries they lived in that feeble imitation of middle-class comfort common to most newspaper people. They had even bought a quaint, barely habitable Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse at Torresdale, eighteen miles from the center of Philadelphia, and they spent their vacations and most of their earnings trying to improve it. Carter had two sidelines, free-lance writing and portrait painting. Neither paid well. His portraits, of which numerous examples today decorate the Carter home, are high in color but not noteworthy for technique.

Carter was not yet called Boake. He was "Harold" to all his associates, and still is to everybody who knew him at that time. Boake, he explains, is a surname which was in his mother's family. His daughter's name is Gwladys Sheleagh Boake Carter. It was Stan Broza, the program director of WCAU, the Columbia station in Philadelphia, who decided that Harold Carter was a commonplace name for radio and persuaded Carter to call himself Boake.

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Carter had his first skirmish with radio in the spring of 1930, when Broza decided to broadcast a play-by-play description of a rugby game between an Anglo-American club and a team of United States Marines who had learned the game in Shanghai. The director knew Carter slightly and Carter, besides having an appropriate accent, was probably the only civilian in Philadelphia who understood the rules of rugby. The broadcast of the rugby game inspired WCAU to simulate a from-the-spot description of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race. Carter, in the studio, pretended he was a spectator on the bank of the Thames. He got the facts for his description from early editions of the afternoon newspapers, and was "supported" by a number of wax recordings of English crowd sounds.

The rugby broadcast had only brief and abortive consequences. Thinking Carter could be sold as a novelty, the station people induced him to leave his job and go on a sustaining program as a news commentator. He lasted a month. The station couldn't sell him to a commercial sponsor, so he went back to the tabloid. Listeners complained that they couldn't understand him, and Carter learned from the experience. What he employs now is a sort of pseudo-accent, about as authentic as the Negro dialect of Singing Sam, the Barbasol Man. The intonation is British, but the quantities and emphases are American.

Carter's first real break in radio came a year later, when he became the Philadelphia incarnation of the Globe-trotter. The Hearst-Metrotone newsreel of the period featured a commentator, invisible on the screen, who was called the Globe-trotter. In every city where there was a Hearst paper it put on two daily five-minute news broadcasts by a member of the staff, who would call himself the Globe-trotter and incidentally advertise the newsreel and the local theaters at which it was showing. In cities devoid of a Hearst paper the Hearst-Metrotone promotion department tied up with the local publisher. The tie-up in Philadelphia was with the *News,* and Lee Ellmaker, publisher of the *News,* chose Carter to be his Globe-trotter. The new job entailed a raise to seventy-five dollars a week.

Carter immediately showed the radio acumen that has since boosted his earnings to his present twenty-five hundred dollars a week. He insisted on choosing the news items for his broadcasts and treating them in his own way, without deference to the editorial policies of the *News.* He handled his stories with more dignity than they were accorded in the tabloid, believing, rightly, that he could get readers of other newspapers to tune in on his broadcasts. And he added a bit of editorial comment to each morsel of news.

This time he had a distinct success. Even his modified accent clicked with the WCAU regional audience. He soon had a commercial sponsor in the Pep Boys, a local chain of auto-accessory shops, who paid him one hundred and fifty dollars a week. At about that time Carter's potential value began to impress the owner of the Philadelphia station, Dr. Leon Levy, who is a brother-in-law of William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. If he could ever focus national attention on Carter, Dr. Levy decided, the family and CBS would acquire a valuable asset. The difficulty lay in making Carter known to the general public, for most successful news commentators—Floyd Gibbons, Edwin C. Hill, Walter Winchell, and Lowell Thomas, for example—had had national reputations before they went on the air.

The Lindbergh kidnaping gave Carter his chance to speak over a national hookup and insured rapt attention for every word he said. There were two centers of news interest in the case. One was the Lindbergh home at Hopewell. The other was Trenton, where Governor A. Harry Moore and the head of his State Police were putting on a great show as Hawkshaws. When the case first broke, Columbia sent its first-string broadcasters from New York down to Hopewell, where they stagnated in the "hush, hush" atmosphere of the Lindbergh house. But Trenton was the happy hunting ground for wild tips and sententious official statements. And Dr. Levy, pleading by telephone with Paley in New York, had sewed up Trenton for WCAU and Carter, so far as the CBS was concerned. The clinching circumstance was that WCAU owned a large mobile sending station on a truck. Columbia officials believed this might prove highly useful in following up the story (it proved not to be). Levy told Paley plainly that he wouldn't send the truck to Trenton unless Carter got the assignment.

Carter went to Trenton the day after the kidnaping, accompanied by Ken Stowman and Nelson Hess, two other ex-newspapermen working for WCAU. Stowman and Hess did the leg work. Carter set up headquarters in the Stacy Trent Hotel and delivered two broadcasts a day, using their material. From March 2, 1932, until the discovery of the Lindbergh boy's body Carter was on a national hookup.

Looking over the scripts of Carter's Trenton broadcasts now, it is hard to understand why they clicked. That is a common difficulty in reading radio scripts. They were full of expressions of factitious heartiness, like "by golly," "great Scott," and "by jingoes." (The three in one broadcast.) They also abounded in portentous promises: "that's a very, very significant fact." (None of the developments of those days proved to have any significance.) When he had not even a rumor to report, Carter would fill in time by enjoining the kidnapers, "if they had one spark of manhood," to restore the missing baby to its parents. But the strange quality of the Boaken voice, grim, energetic, and British, impressed itself on minds strained to an attention that has not been duplicated since. The incongruous valedictory "Cheerio," after a daily recital of disappointments, made people remember Carter, too.

After the first few days of the search, Carter began to editorialize. He introduced those stand-bys of British thought, American crime and corruption, and tied them in with prohibition. All three were very unpopular with his hearers. Eventually, of course, it turned out that neither gangsters nor bootleggers had had anything to do with the crime, which was that of a paranoid German

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carpenter. But it was all good sound stuff. It still is.

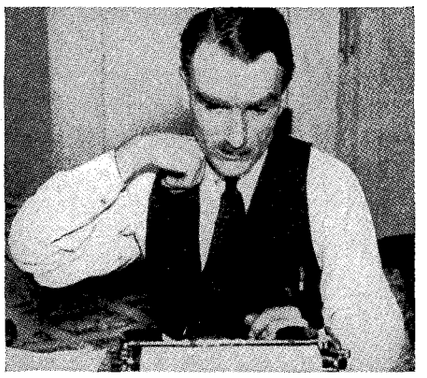
By the time he returned to Philadelphia, Carter was recognized as a coming star. Philco, a company which at the nadir of depression had begun a remarkable program of expansion, signed him up for a daily broadcast over a network that covered the East and Middle West. The Pep Boys released him from the hundred-and-fifty-dollar contract. In January, 1933, Philco made a contract with Carter which was to last for five years.

III

CARTER has no consistent political philosophy. He will state his passionate belief in the decentralization of government. A moment later he will tell you that the United States should have a "Ministry of Transport," with power to co-ordinate rail, air, and water transportation and force the abandonment of superfluous lines. If you remark that this seems like more centralization than what we have now, Carter will answer that in England they study different ways of doing things and then choose the very *best* way of doing each individual thing. Even in private life he argues in fifteen-minute bursts, suitable for radio presentation.

Two other testimonials that made Carter familiar to American eyes as well as ears. His endorsements of Nash appeared on more than 15,000,000 *pages*

Boake Carter's Report on the New Nash
World's first CONDITIONED AIR System for Winter Driving . . . and a New Type of Engine . . . Prove to be the Big News in 1938 Cars
"I've been checking up on the new cars . . . poking my head under hoods . . . watching engineering tests . . . and what a story I've found in the 1938 Nash.
"I have seen the first car with a 'Conditioned Air System' for winter driving. Actually, you can drive in your shirt sleeves through a Minnesota blizzard; no matter what the temperature or speed is, everyone enjoys filtered air, 70° warm. Ice drafts do not exist . . . all dirt and road dust are shut out.
New Engine Principle
"I have seen a new kind of engine . . . with intake and exhaust manifolds sealed inside. Conservative tests credit it with 10% more power, 12% better gasoline mileage. I can vouch for its terrific get-away and driving power.
"In this new Nash 'Super-Thrift' Engine, weather can't cut capers with performance. It runs at top efficiency every day of the year.
"And these are just the headliners of a fat story of 83 Nash engineering achievements for 1938.
"There's a new kind of fatigueless ride with 'Sea-leg' shock-absorbers . . . trouble-proof Vacuum Automatic Gear Shifting . . . new 'dancing sand' sound-proofing which is 25% ahead of last year's best . . . and the new Nash cars are so big and roomy that they can be quickly turned into sleeping cars with big double beds.
"I don't think anyone will fail to get a thrill out of driving these cars. They represent a great engineering job, from bumper to bumper."
Thank you, Mr. Carter. There's one big thing Mr. Carter didn't know about . . . 1938 Nash prices.
They are something to cheer about . . . values that, on a comparison basis, can't be matched in the industry. Go see these cars . . . take a ride in them . . . and see if you don't agree that cars with these features . . . built with all of the traditional Nash stamina . . . wouldn't be an answer to your transportation problem.
3 Great New Lines
THE NASH AMBASSADOR 8 . . . 125 inch wheelbase . . . new 116 horsepower.
THE NASH AMBASSADOR 6 . . . 121 inch wheelbase . . . new 105 horsepower.
THE NASH LAFAYETTE 6 . . . 117 inch wheelbase . . . new 95 horsepower.
NASH MOTORS DIVISION of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Kenosha, Wis.
You Can't Beat A NASH
THE GREAT INDEPENDENT



The mystery of the Missing Whiskers

—and 12 clues that solved it

by Boake Carter, Famous Radio News Commentator

IN MY RAMBLINGS here and there I've noticed a very definite decrease in the number of unshaven faces among my fellow men. And being a newspaper man, I found myself asking "Why?" Is it because men are more conscious of their personal appearance . . . or is it because shaving itself has become more pleasant?

To find the answer to this question, I betook myself to Boston, the home of Gillette razor blades. There I browsed through a great modern factory and found:

That . . . even a newborn babe never received more constant care and supervision than that which is expended on the steel that goes into this blade.

That . . . square cut diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are pressed against samples of the steel strips from time to time, to test their temper and keep their hardness to Gillette's exacting standards.

That . . . giant sharpeners, weighing tons, yet adjustable to watch-like fineness, hone and strop the Gillette blade in one continuous operation. The resulting shaving edges are so sharp that they can be measured only by a beam of light cast along the edges by a photo-electric tester.

That . . . after the edges are put on, no human hand touches the blade until you and I use it in the bathroom. Furthermore, the blades are processed to prevent rust and are sprayed with a powerful antiseptic before being wrapped, so strict are Gillette's hygienic requirements.

That . . . in the manufacturing process this blade is tested by photo-electric devices; by fire, by electro-magnetic machines and by keen-eyed inspectors aided by high-power microscopes. Finally, each blade is anchor-wrapped in its package so that the original keenness cannot be marred by jarring against the envelope.

And so, I found not just *one* answer to my question, but a dozen of them. And after what I saw, it became clear that Gillette represents an investment of millions of dollars in machinery, in accuracy, labor, laboratory testing and scientific research—all working together like a well oiled machine, turning out a potential of millions of perfect shaves a day.

What I saw solved for me the "Mystery of the Missing Whiskers." Now I know why the vast majority of men these days are clean-shaven—and insist on Gillette when they buy razor blades.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

A pet Carter theory is that the engineers of the United States will someday tire of seeing things run inefficiently, and will throw up their arms and say, "Here! this can't go any further." He likes to say that this is an engineering civilization, and he thinks of the future mutiny of the engineers as a sure thing. When reminded that there are scores of thousands of unemployed engineers starving in "their" civilization, he says that that is because we have too many engineering schools. He thinks that low wages increase the market for manufactured goods, and opposes protective tariffs, tax-exempt securities, industrial unions, reckless driving, cowardice at sea, and meddling in the Orient.

Even when a position becomes slightly too hot to hold, Carter can convince himself that his retreat was a moral victory. The Philadelphia council of C.I.O. unions last winter hinted at a boycott of General Foods products if Carter continued his attacks on organized labor.

"I reminded those Johnnies of Big Bill Thompson, the former Mayor of Chicago," the commentator says. "I told them how Big Bill had complained so much of the treatment he got in the newspapers that the Chicago editors decided to stop mentioning (*continued on page* 51)

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Only the One I'm After

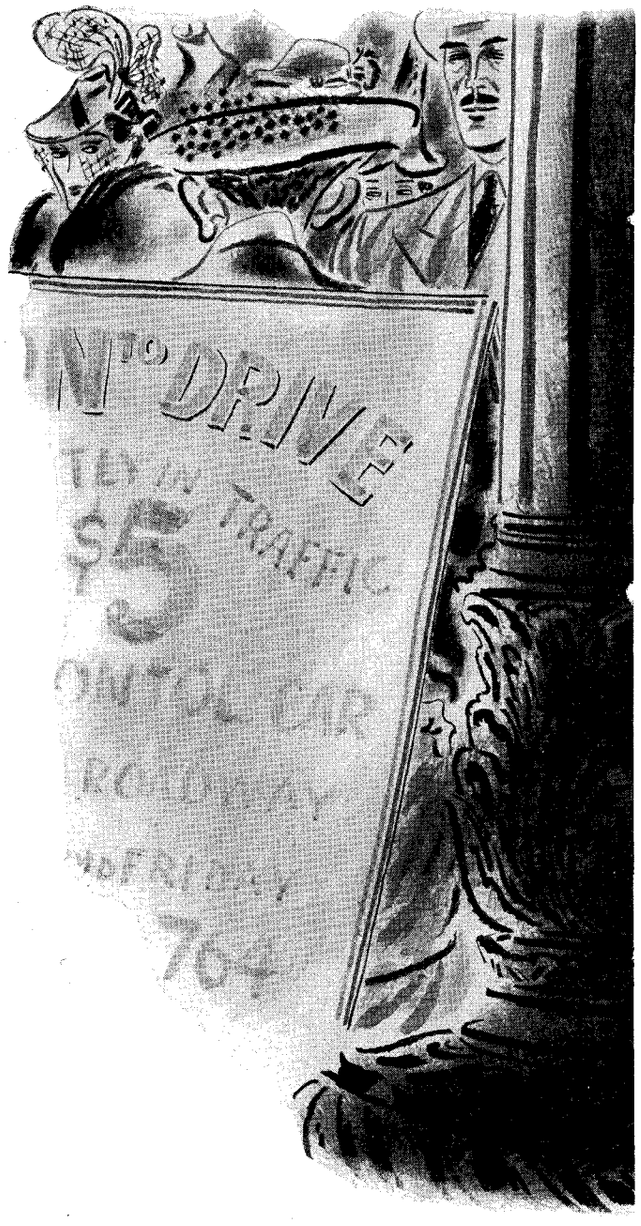
ALVARO DE SILVA

Until I came to America I never saw a man pick up a cigarette butt from the street. The Germans drop theirs into trash baskets, and in France cigarettes are smoked to the very end so there isn't enough left to put your lips around. The first time I saw a man grab for a butt I was more astonished than if I had seen him pick a pocket. I had been in America only a few days and was sitting on a bench in Battery Park, getting the sun. A lot of other bums were there, hugging the rail while they watched the tugboats scuffle around in the river. A ferry loaded with people glided by, headed for the Statue of Liberty. The passengers waved to the bums on the pier and the bums waved back.

It was lunchtime, and the office slaves from Wall Street came to the Park for a stroll. Some were older men, well-dressed and serious even about their walking, so I put them down as bankers, but mostly there were young fellows, messengers, and bookkeepers, underfed and tired-looking, but with their clothes well pressed. Girls came, too—stenographers, walking in twos or threes. Nearly all of them carried bags of peanuts which they cracked open and fed to the pigeons.

Two men passed me several times—circling the Park as if they meant to do it a certain number of times for exercise, as people do on shipboard. One of the men was perhaps past seventy, but still walking sprightly; the other one, not yet forty and doing most of the talking. As they came in front of me the younger man lit a cigarette, still talking while he did it. The next time around he dropped the fag near where I was sitting. It had hardly fallen to the ground when I saw a bum swoop down from the bench next to mine and pick it up. He dusted it off, flicked the ashes from the tip, and put it in his pocket. I felt a revulsion at seeing this because there was something filthy about picking up other people's cigarette butts, like a number of things I've seen bums do and which I've learned to do only gradually—eating food out of garbage cans, drinking canned heat when there's nothing better, and a lot else that won't do on paper. But this bum was good at picking up butts, and in the hour or so that I was there I saw him pick up ten. After the first two or three I was itching to try it myself, but once as I started to reach out, I thought the bum would clout me, so I didn't try it again, not then. Anyway, it took some nerve to do it the first time in broad daylight, showing everyone you were a bum and not just a guy sitting there. But the idea was still in my mind when I left the Park, and I could hardly wait for nightfall to try my luck.

As soon as it was dark I walked to Washington Square and sat on a bench, waiting. I sat a long time before a butt fell near me. A young fellow dropped it, almost at



LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

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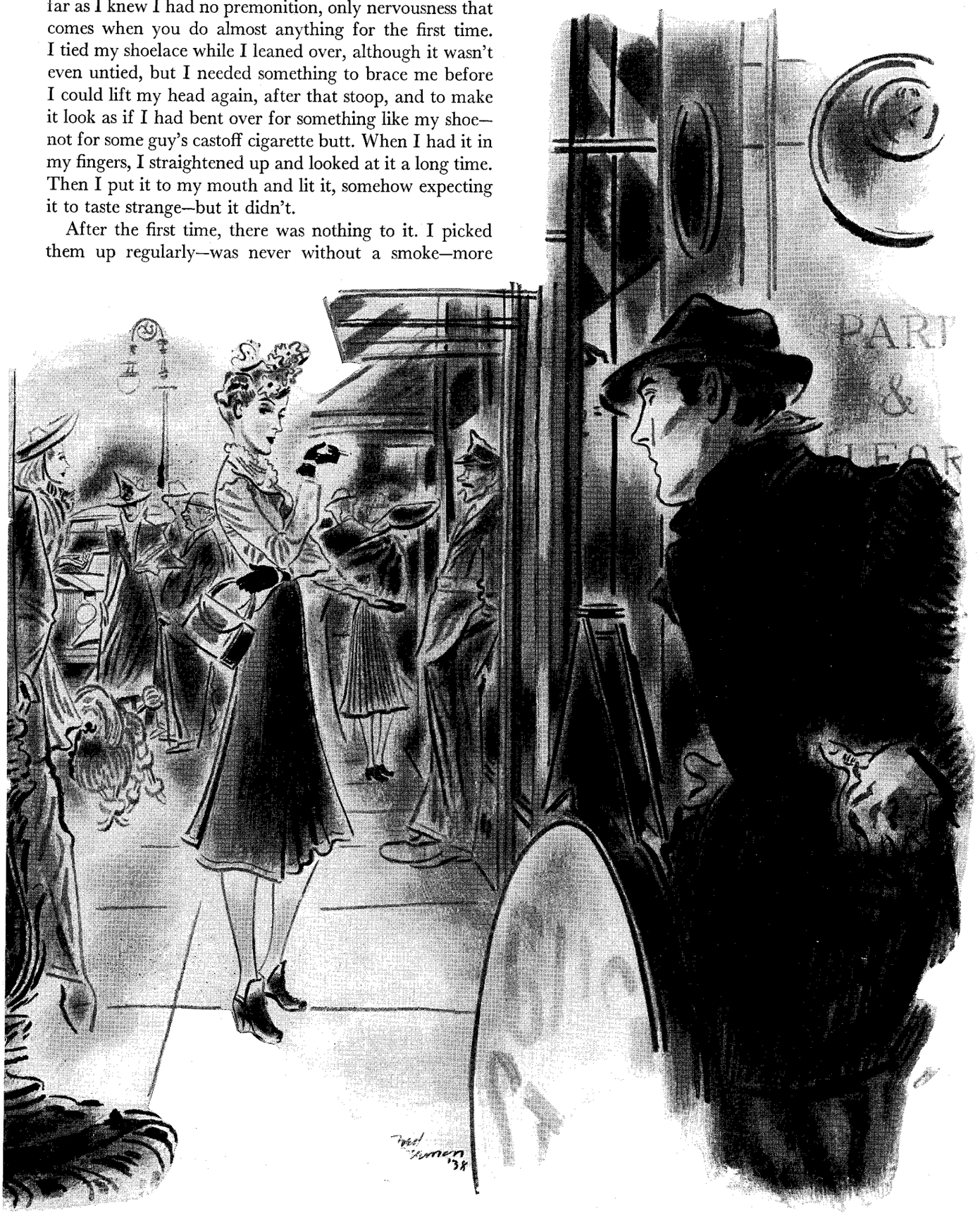
my feet, and I stooped over and snatched it while it was still rolling. Even when I felt my fingers on it I was nervous—heaven knows why, unless I had a premonition of what picking up butts was going to mean to me. But as far as I knew I had no premonition, only nervousness that comes when you do almost anything for the first time. I tied my shoelace while I leaned over, although it wasn't even untied, but I needed something to brace me before I could lift my head again, after that stoop, and to make it look as if I had bent over for something like my shoe—not for some guy's castoff cigarette butt. When I had it in my fingers, I straightened up and looked at it a long time. Then I put it to my mouth and lit it, somehow expecting it to taste strange—but it didn't.

After the first time, there was nothing to it. I picked them up regularly—was never without a smoke—more often without matches. By keeping my eyes open I found out a good deal about fag-snatching. Sometimes you might have to follow a fellow two or three blocks, waiting for him to throw away the butt; and when you got



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proficient you could also be fussy, take your choice, your favorite brand—Lucky, Chesterfield, Camel, or Old Gold—and I've even had my turn picking only Pall Malls. During that period I wouldn't have stooped to touch another brand. But in the winter it wasn't so easy. Outside cafeterias and on the steps of the subway you had to take what you could get—grab them quick before someone stepped on them—and you had to stay near the cafeterias and the subway or you'd freeze to death.

I don't know how this last phase got such a hold on me, or how long it's going to last. But it's gone on for some time now and it's got me—like taking the snow. The day it began I was standing on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, listening to some soapbox oratory, not even thinking about fags, when there it was, lying on the sidewalk at my foot—a round, white cigarette butt—hardly touched, with a band of red daubed on one end. At first I couldn't even stoop over to pick it up, just stood there looking at it, fascinated, as if it were a snake coiling on the ground, getting ready to lift up and bite me, and I unable to do anything about it. It made me sick all over, but shaking with eagerness, as when I saw a woman undressed for the first time. Then a panic swept over me, chilling me clear through—fear that someone would snatch it up or step on it before I could reach it. I bent down and grabbed it, my heart pounding like thunder, as if I had been running. I held the cigarette in my hand, rolling it around between my fingers, slowly, hardly touching it. A strange feeling crept over me, like discovery, the beginning of something. I rolled the cigarette so much that the tobacco shredded out at one end. Then I stopped, not moving it at all, just watching the red band on the tip. I touched the red with the index finger of my other hand—cautiously, as if it was sacred. Then I raised the tip to my lips, not putting it in my mouth, just near enough so that the red circle touched my lips and I could taste the perfume in the lipstick. Finally I put it into my mouth and lit it, inhaling it deeply, smoking slowly so that it would last a long while.

Cigarette butts edged with lipstick aren't as easy to find as you'd imagine. Women don't smoke much on the street. The best place to get them is at the curbstone where women get out of their automobiles, in front of the swell stores. There they're fresh as if they gave you their own lips, and they taste good, too—sweet, like the women who smoke them.

I've followed a car the length of a crosstown block, waiting for the chauffeur to stop in front of a store. And those women don't step on them, but toss them away after one puff, as if they were nothing.

Once in a while when a woman can't decide which store she wants, she walks along the street, smoking, looking in all the windows until she makes up her mind. I always follow her, and it's worth it. Once I've started on the trail of this lady, ten butts with red circles around them, waiting on the sidewalk right in front of me, couldn't tempt me. Only the one I'm after means a thing to me.

Today I followed one of these ladies—a nice-looker, too—but that wasn't what attracted me; it was something else. The nearest that I can come to describing it was a sort of sadness in her face, and bravery—the look that I've often seen on the faces of rich women in their forties. Today's lady got out of her car at Bonwit Teller's, started toward the Fifth Avenue entrance, changed her mind, and walked down Fifty-seventh Street. She looked in all the windows—little dress shops and windows with pictures in them. I walked behind her, not so near as to be conspicuous, but near enough so that I could duck down and grab her cigarette the minute she dropped it. Everything was going along as usual when suddenly a bum pushed himself between us—so close to her that I could hardly keep from punching him. He was a real bum, hanging in his old clothes like a scarecrow and reeking of bad alcohol; no place for a guy like that on a street with decent people. The minute I saw him I knew what he was after, but I didn't intend to let him get it. I knew she'd be throwing it away any minute and I had to think fast—get him out of the way so he wouldn't be grabbing for the butt the same time I did, making a scene.

Quick as my brain was working I jockeyed myself in front of him, keeping as far from my lady as I could without losing her. I had one butt in my pocket, the one I always keep for emergencies. I tossed this on the sidewalk right in front of the bum's nose. He couldn't miss it, and he didn't. The lout reached down and picked it up as if it were a piece of money. I have nothing but contempt for a fellow like that—falling so low he'll pick up any butt that comes his way, even a secondhand one that another bum tosses him. Anyway, my trick worked, and I had a clear field.

The lady turned her head, and I saw a kind of smile on her lips, as if she had seen what happened. She dropped her cigarette. I stooped over for it, my fingers shaking with expectancy. I had almost touched it when her foot reached out, nearly stepping on my hand, and crunched the butt. I didn't know what to do; I hadn't expected that, and I felt like a kid licked for something he didn't do. I must have shown my feelings, for she opened her cigarette case and offered me a fresh cigarette, smiling as she handed it to me. I took it because I didn't know what else to do, but it wasn't what I wanted, and I didn't dare tell her. She knew it, too. I was sure of that, from the look on her face when I saw it more closesly, as if she were getting even for a lot of things.

She turned from me and looked at a painting in a window. I struck a match to light the cigarette she had given me, but my hand shook so that the light went out. I could feel her watching me, making fun of me, although her face was turned away. I struck the second match, forcing my hand to steadiness. As I succeeded in lighting my cigarette, I saw her take a new one from her case and light it. I was sure I noticed the match waver. She took a couple of puffs, opened the store door, and just as she entered, without looking back at me, she tossed her cigarette so it rolled on the sidewalk in front of my feet.

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On Patrol with Crime-Proofers

GRETTA PALMER

AN ANALYSIS of a new police technique . . . how State Troopers prepare for roadside holdups . . . what merchants and filling-station operators are told to do

"IT'S our job to figure where a criminal is going to go and then get there ahead of him." That's the way crime-proofing was summed up for me by George O'Reilly, a tall and brawny member of the New York State Police. At the time he and I were rolling along in the all-white police sedan near Troy, New York. It was a routine patrol for him, but for me it was a firsthand view of the new crime-proofing technique employed by the police of New York and half a dozen other states.

Our first stop was at a new gas station. When O'Reilly swerved onto the clean gravel a young man in uniform came out to the car. O'Reilly welcomed him to the neighborhood with a broad Irish grin, looked around a few minutes, and then launched into a lecture on holdups.

"Your telephone's out of sight from the road. That's fine. You may want to use it without being seen, sometime. But those telephone wires up the wall are too exposed: anybody with a pair of shears could cut you off. Get the company to enclose them in a conduit.

"I notice you left a monkey wrench on the ground by the tank. That's not healthy. Any bandit can use it to knock you out. And that pump handle unscrews too easy. It'd make a tough weapon. Better have it welded on.

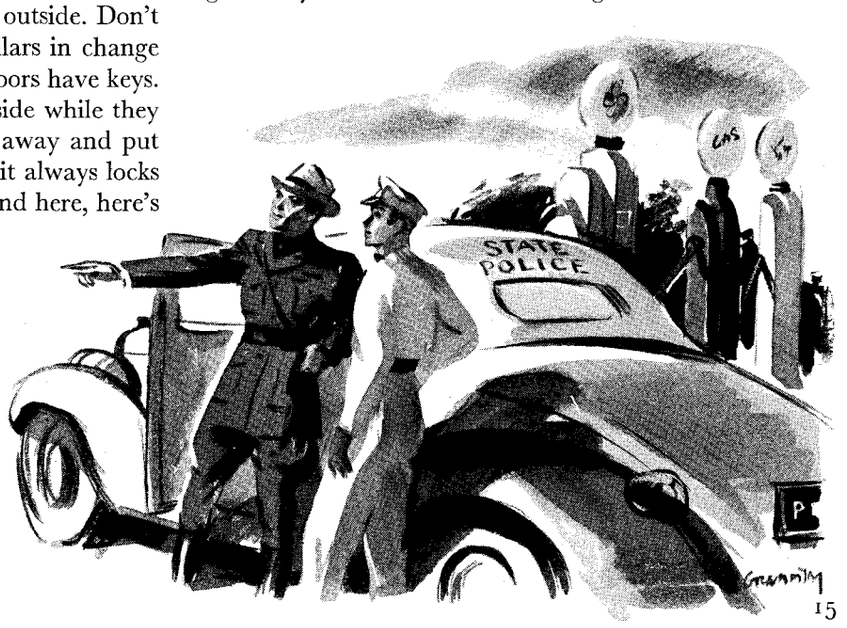
"Whenever a car pulls up late at night," he said, "remember it may be a holdup. Look at the license number and jot it down on paper before you come outside. Don't have much cash around at night. Five dollars in change ought to be plenty. And I see those toilet doors have keys. Lots of bandits have locked the owners inside while they got away. Why don't you throw the keys away and put on inside bolts? Also fix that front door so it always locks behind you. You can keep a key outside. And here, here's our telephone number. Don't be afraid to use it."

O'Reilly's next stop was at a farmhouse, off on a dirt side road, surrounded by a colony of white chicken houses. It was owned by a grizzled, brown-faced man who, because poultry prices were up, was expecting chicken thieves earlier than usual. He had heard that a gang over the State line had been gassing the birds, and he wanted to know how to meet this new threat. Some State Police troops are combating these thieves with a system of tattoo marks similar to cattle branding. In New Jersey and Massachusetts, farmers are assigned numbers which they tattoo onto the wings. Then, if their birds are stolen and offered for sale, they can be traced to their owners.

"You'll get a warning," O'Reilly told him. "They always send out a scout first, to study the layout. Write down the license number of any stranger who comes around. He may be trying to buy junk and he may be selling magazines."

Another phase of crook technique was brought out when we reached a pleasant little town on O'Reilly's route. "See that feed store over there?" he said. "Most nights no crook would bother breaking into it. But once a month the creamery pays off. That day the farmers buy their feed, and the cash register is full. That's the night we look for trouble in a feed store."

O'Reilly drove on and pulled up in front of a chain grocery store. A gray-haired manager greeted us, and while O'Reilly looked around, he told me that he had recently accepted a bad check for ten dollars' worth of groceries. O'Reilly's fellow troopers had caught the crook. The extent of crime-proofing against such offenses is suggested by the fact that the Michigan State Police now



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ask merchants to fingerprint strangers wishing to cash checks. New York's handling of merchants was revealed by O'Reilly's talk.

"Your telephone's kind of close to the front door here," he said. "Why don't you move it into a back room? Some Saturday night, when the store's full of customers, you may have a holdup, and anybody working at the back would have a chance of slipping out to phone us the alarm. Have the wires enclosed in conduits, too. And here's another tip, John. Don't ever stay here Saturday evening without at least two men clerks in the store.

"Now, the safe. I'm not crazy about your putting it into that dark corner. How about dragging it to the front and keeping a light burning over it all night? When we pass on patrol, we can glance in and see if the light's on. Another thing: get yourselves a fifty-cent burglar alarm for both doors. Even if nobody else hears it go off, it'll scare a burglar, and ten to one he'll run away."

I asked why the State Police didn't urge merchants to send their money to the banks—use the night depository after hours, for instance. The merchant smiled, and O'Reilly said that few men know how to blow a safe, "but any punk can hold up a messenger carrying money to the bank." This was in line with the basic theory of crime-proofing, which Chief Inspector Albert Moore explained to me when we got back to troop headquarters. In a pleasant drawl, he announced that "all criminals are lazy." The new technique assumes, he said, that any man will steal a million dollars if it is made safe for him and that if stealing is turned into hard, dangerous, and unprofitable work, few men will even try it.

The criminal's tendency to repeat himself helps the police in their crime-proofing plan. Car thieves who habitually steal Chevrolets will rarely take a Plymouth or a Ford. A holdup man who has once worn a mask will not try a handkerchief over his face. This combination of laziness and habit helps the police in their crime-proofing.

My ride with Trooper O'Reilly, my talk with Inspector Moore, and letters from police of other states show that crime-proofing has innumerable phases. The very conspicuousness of the police car is a crime deterrent. The marksmanship of Troopers in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts has driven many criminals West. The police teletype, now enabling as many as seven Eastern states to effect a blockade and stop every highway leading out of a town, has caused bank robbers to be particularly chary of daylight holdups in this section.

In New York the police request hardware stores to put guns and ammunition in a safe before locking up. They ask garage owners to make a record of any car brought in with broken headlights or fresh dents. They encourage the use of tear-gas tubes in small banks (the tubes are placed behind the bars of the cages so the teller can release them by pressing a foot pedal). And they ask homeowners to let the Troopers know when they are closing their homes—whereupon the police put up signs warning intruders off and informing them that Troopers will be dropping in at irregular intervals. This type of crime-proofing has eliminated eighty per cent of summer-home crimes and has, on several occasions, enabled the police to catch the burglars in the act.

In New Jersey, the State Police have elaborate holdup drills for bank employees, in which each man is assigned to a post close to the place at which he normally works. In case of a holdup, he moves to his post and is responsible for observing everything that happens in that area: he must be able to report afterward on the criminals' peculiarities of speech, gait, dress, the type of firearms they carry, the make of car they use. Tellers in New Jersey banks are also asked to place small marks inside the cages, beginning at about five feet from the floor and going up six inches at a time. With these, the man in the cage can judge the height of any bandit who faces him.

Like other criminals, bank bandits are creatures of habit, said Mr. Moore. The New York State Police warn bankers that there are three types of holdup men: those who pull their jobs as soon as the bank opens in the morning, before there are any customers around; those who choose the lunch hour, when some of the employees are out; and the greedy gangs who choose the dangerous minutes before three o'clock, when the bank is crowded, but the cash drawers are full. These are the three danger spots of the day, when bank employees are trained to be alert.

The New York Police had a bank holdup recently at eleven-thirty in the morning: at once they analyzed it as an amateur job. In blockading the roads by which the gang might escape, they didn't look for bullet-proof cars or desperate men with sub-machine guns. They sought—and found—an old Ford sedan with a crowd of scared farm boys who had never tried to rob a bank before.

They also prepare for crimes while they are being planned. Every theft of dynamite in the State is reported to the laboratory at Schenectady. The chemists analyze it and watch for the nitroglycerin some safeblower may derive from it. By comparing the two, the police can determine whether the crook is an amateur or a professional. Knowing where he got his dynamite, they can sometimes determine what area he's working in. And occasionally they can pick the very safe he's going to crack—and be there waiting for him.

"What structure do you think has the lowest crime-appeal in a town?" Mr. Moore asked me.

"A school," I said.

But I was wrong. Last year a free-lance burglar in Oneida County, New York, took in around one hundred dollars a week, rifling schools over week ends. Most school principals kept the children's savings—account money—in metal lockers, instead of safes, until the State Police warned them, and this ingenious thief made an easy living by entering three or four a week. He is now in jail alongside another specialist—a man who stole nothing but slot machines from poolrooms.

The safest building in a town is the United States Post Office. Crooks have learned to fear the G-Men. They have not yet learned the whole measure of the menace that the State Police offer them today.

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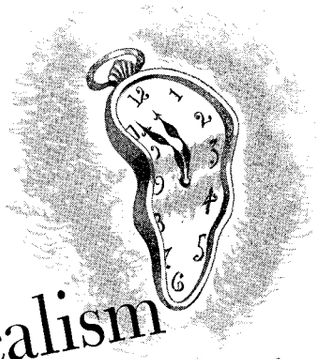
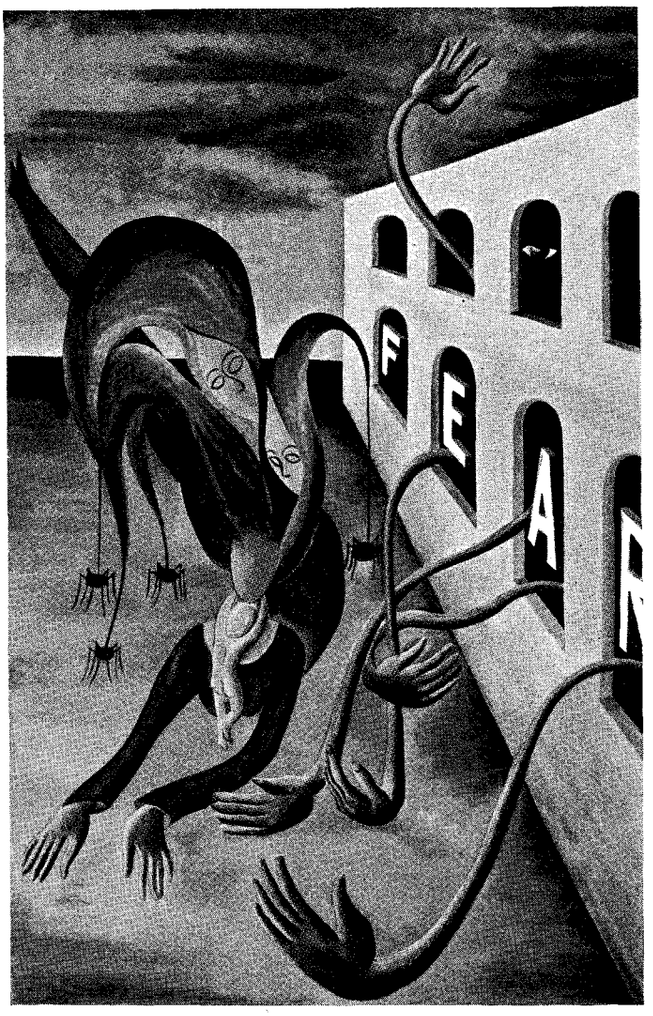


Surrealism in Overalls

FRANK CASPERS

HERE, in a day which sees symphonies used to sell automobiles and Keeno to get people into movie palaces, a strange flirtation is going on between business and surrealism. The two, as Walter Winchell would say, are on fire—and it is all very amusing to bystanders recalling the smirks and grins and hoots with which the conservatives greeted surrealism on its arrival from France eight years ago. At that time surrealism was a weird thing for weird people. Today it is recognized by those most practical businessmen—advertisers and sellers. They have picked surrealism up, and though the romance may one day go phffft, right now it is all very serious. Surrealism is being used to sell goods, and for certain customers it appears to be as effective as testimonials were back in the 1920's.

No advertising Machiavelli planned it that way. It was all as inadvertent as the discovery that cartoons would sell where sermons wouldn't. Shortly after surrealism came off the boat, it was adopted by a snobbish, moneyed group, who, seeing that ordinary people didn't understand it, began pretending that they did. Inevitably, people who had something to sell noticed this familiarity and set out to make the most of it. They began employing surrealism to attract the eyes and bankrolls of this chi-chi set. Today, products aimed at this group are advertised with illustrations patterned after the paintings of leading surrealists. Magazines slanted at luxury readers are polishing their pages with photographs and drawings which drip surrealist influence. Stores selling to the same group are dressing their windows in surrealist settings. Hairdressers are devising surrealistic coiffures, and milliners are putting everything but mice and men on their hats.



Not art, but an ad for the Abbott Laboratories

This fantastic newcomer to the advertising business had its origins, of course, in the movement called Dadaism. Back in 1916 the Dadaists were a small group of rebellious individuals who hung around a Zurich café. They held performances at which four or five of them simultaneously read their own poetry, accompanied by clanging of bells that drowned out their voices. They insulted their audiences and in turn were greeted with threats, ripe fruit, hunks of meat, and, now and then, a squad of policemen.

While laymen today like to think of all advertising men as prosaic fellows, in actuality some of them are trying to prove that they are spiritual descendants of such Dadaists as Duchamp, the painter, and Max Ernest, the poet and painter. Duchamp was the one who, when invited to exhibit at a national exhibition, sent a porcelain bedroom pot. Ernest was even more ambitious. He left Zurich, where he had become a leader of the rebels, for Cologne and there, in 1920, organized a glorious burlesque of all serious exhibitions. Instead of a solemn entrance, he had a public lavatory; instead of earnest pictures and statues, he had meaningless canvases and absurd objects thrown together to form compositions that were nothing but stinging parodies on serious art. His prize exhibit was a young

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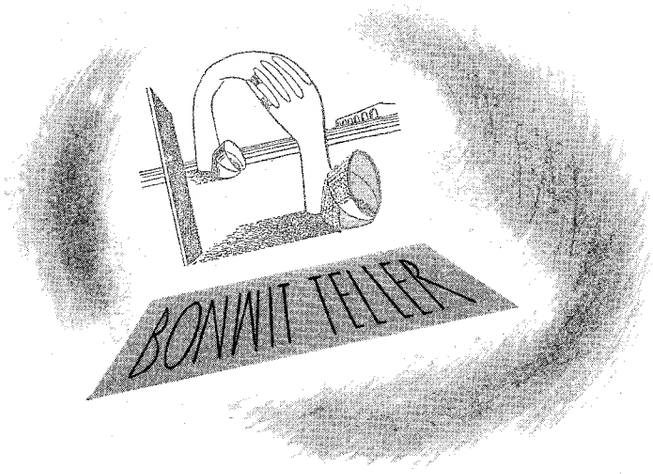
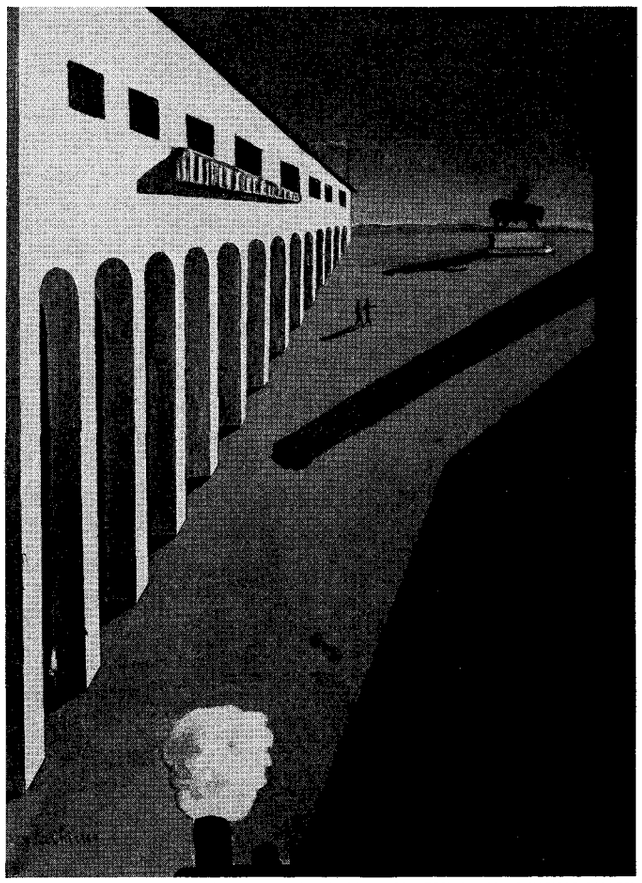


girl, dressed in Communion white, who stood on a pedestal and recited obscene verses. Ernest did not expect reverence; in fact, he invited the destruction of the exhibits themselves by giving hatchets to all visitors so they could swing in with the spirit of Dada and chop up anything they did not like.

Shortly after this affair was closed by the police, the scene shifted to Paris, where the Dadaists gradually mellowed to a more or less neutral state called surrealism. They no longer fought all traditions and codes of behavior. They simply disregarded them and struck out in new directions, creating with freedom from restraint. In writing they used free association, letting words flow without conscious control; and in painting they used dreams and the irrationalities of the subconscious. If they felt like painting objects that looked from one angle like a lion and from another like a woman, they painted them,

Surrealist Dali sells dresses for Bonwit Teller



"THE DEPARTURE OF THE POET," BY GIORGIO DE CHIRICO COURTESY OF PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

Chirico's art influences ads for soap, wine, furs

creating a sort of "visual pun." They distorted perspective and natural forms at will and repeated symbols as though an obsession gripped them and they could not stop.

Freedom of this type was not entirely new, however, for as far back as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries artists were letting fly with their imaginations in true surrealist fashion. Bosch and Breughel, to name two, were painting scenes as unearthly as any invented by present-day surrealists and were populating them with grotesque monsters. They had surrealism in overalls even then, for their monsters were selling religion by picturing the horrible fate of people who refused the wares of their sponsors. Today Abbott Laboratories make the same use of surrealism. Their design reproduced on page 17 gives an impressive idea of the horrors of disease. The façade is treated like the arcades in Chirico's paintings; the hands are repeated like symbols in canvases by Dali, the talented young Spanish painter who took a prominent part in the surrealist movement.

The Gunther fur ad (on page 19) also reflects the exaggerated lines of Chirico. It has the same swiftly receding arcade that is one of the main features of Chirico's "The Departure of the Poet" (above). Chirico's influence has also extended to advertisements of soaps, furniture, and port wine. Woodbury used an ad showing a bar of soap on the ground with surrealistic perspective lines leading all the way to the horizon. The furniture advertisement was done by W. & J. Sloane—with tongue in

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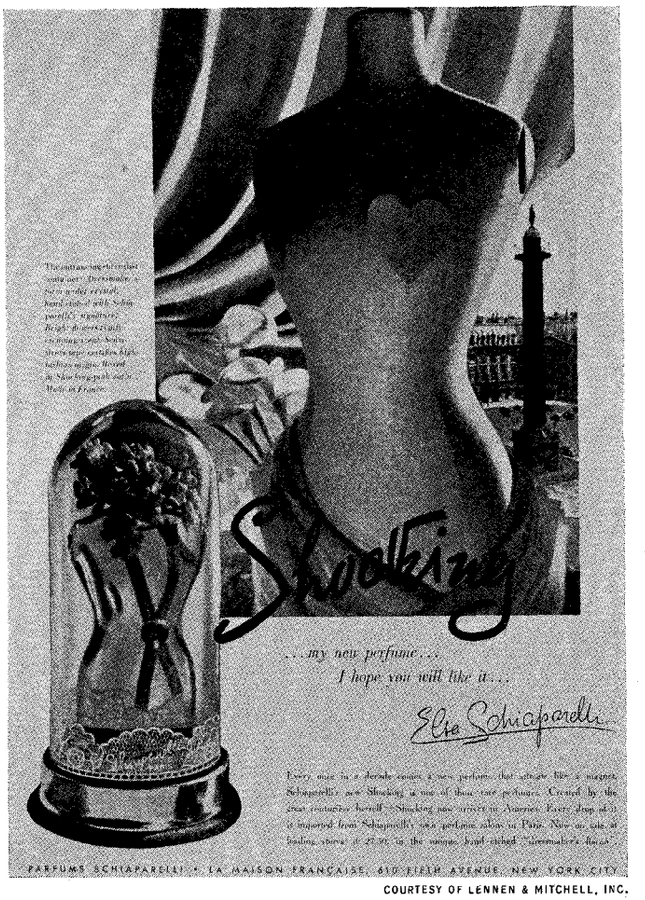
PERSPECTIVE of the years proves that Gunther has always been in the forefront of fashion. Inevitably, those who wear Gunther furs find themselves leaders of fashion.
GUNTHER FURS

BY PAUL SMITH FOR KENYON & ECKHARDT, INC.

Surrealism for sales' sake—styled after Chirico


Shocking
. . . my new perfume . . .
I hope you will like it . . .
Elsa Schiaparelli
PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI • LA MAISON FRANÇAISE, 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

COURTESY OF LENNEN & MITCHELL, INC.

Both the bottle and the ad are surrealistic

cheek. It included a sculptured head garnished with grapes and leaves, a table with a bottle, glass, and hand on it, and a lone drinker. Sloane's caption to the ad was "Sloane *could* do this."

Ernest, Cornell, and other surrealists use objects instead of words and pigment. They throw together utterly unrelated things such as, in extreme cases, sewing machines, arms, and bunches of flowers, or phonographs, legs, and hands, the latter masterpiece being titled, "Plaster Phonograph with Assorted Extremities." These *montages* express warped inner feelings, or are just disturbing impulses given form. On this page is an ad for Schiaparelli's perfume "Shocking," which is presented in a bottle that is also a combination of incongruous elements—a dressmaker's form and a bouquet of flowers that emerges at the neck. The illustration in the same ad is an example of a *collage,* or composition of unrelated cutouts; a dressmaker's form is shown with some lilies, a curtain, and part of a photograph of Place Vendôme in Paris. Surrealism is at work selling perfume.

It is also selling magazines, shoes, containers, and theater seats. The May issue of *Harper's Bazaar* has a cover by Cassandre, a French commercial artist, who painted a black glove, empty and unsupported, caught in the dainty moment of picking lilies of the valley. In *Fortune* Cassandre put across the flowers-by-telegraph thought by picturing a bouquet hanging from wires that sail into the distance to converge on a heart suspended in the sky.

When this weird spirit came into window design, restraint and tradition moved out. Bonwit Teller has often used surrealist freedom in creating fantastic effects such as the example shown on page 18, which was inspired by Dali's canvases. Hands and arms come in from all sides, the floor is strewn madly with spoons, and the coat is faced with glasses. The head of the mannequin is a vegetable-flower outgrowth, and the leg of the table starts in the form of a hand, swings through an "s" curve, and ends up as a foot. Imagination soared almost as high at Bergdorf-Goodman when their stage-like windows featured mannequins drifting up out of grand pianos tipped at giddy angles.

Stores of this type have used surrealism in designing as well as displaying their wares. Bonwit Teller brought out a shoe called the "Surrealist Sandal." It was only slightly more eccentric than women's shoes are in the habit of being, but it was illustrated standing on a block that receded like Chirico's arcades, and the ground was marked with lines like those in the Gunther fur pieces: out of the sky a line spiraled to a point in a desolate middle distance. On page 18 is a pair of hands that embellished Bonwit Teller's newspaper advertising and, by way of justifying its existence, displayed a ring. Another store announced a hat openly called surrealistic—the top was the face of a clock, one hand of which was a spring with a heart at its tip. The name applied to this fantastic creation was "Love Springs at Midnight."

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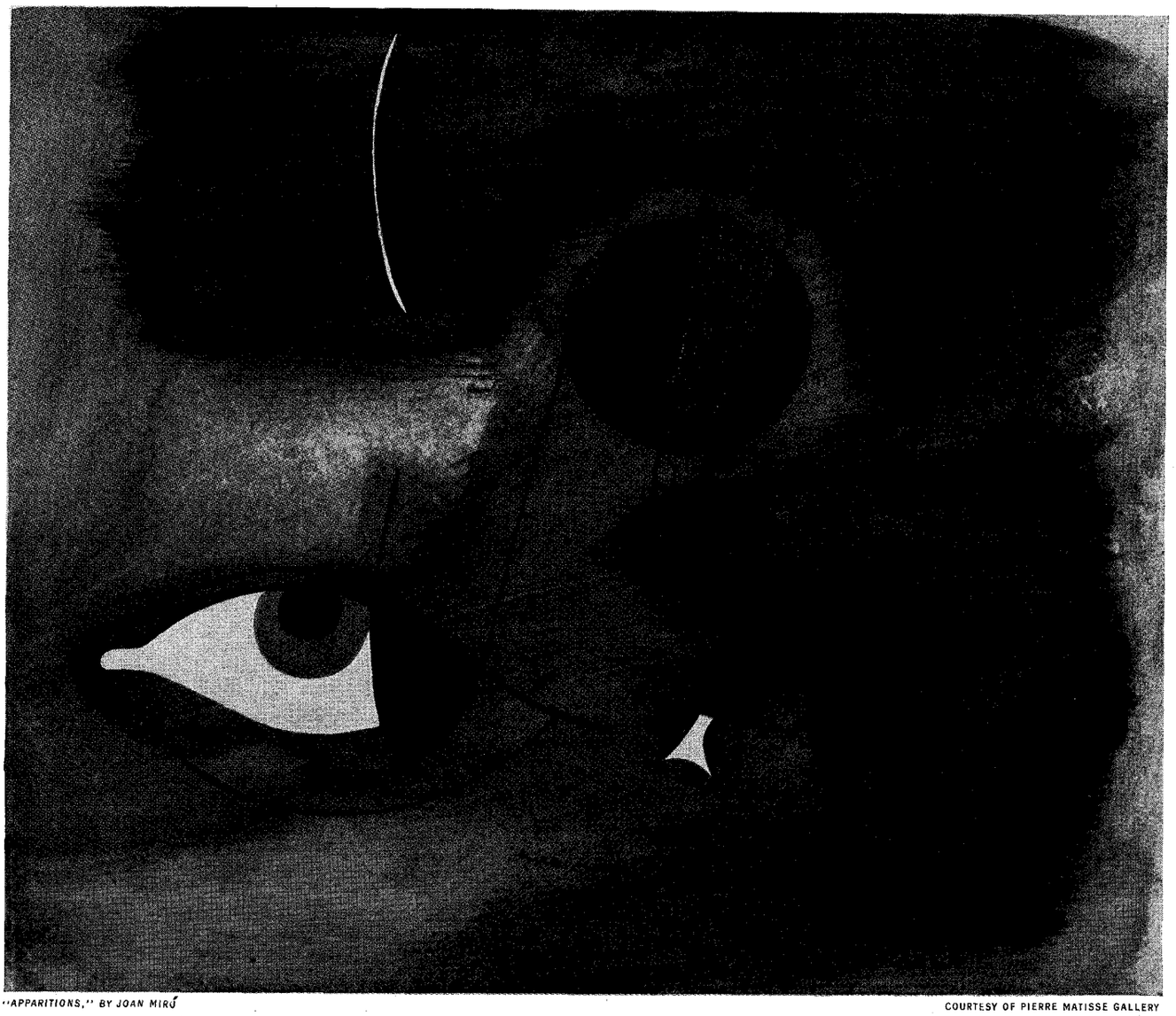

"APPARITIONS," BY JOAN MIRÓ

COURTESY OF PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

Nat Karson, a young Manhattan designer, has created several surrealistic sets for the stage at Radio City Music Hall, and Dali, who is known principally as a painter, writer, and lecturer, has designed, among other things, a sofa built in the shape of lips. He is now at work designing a surrealist presentation for the Ballet Russe. The same company already has, in "Jeux d'Enfants," a ballet tinged with surrealism. The sets and costumes were designed by Joan Miró, another Spaniard who joined the surrealists on moving to Paris. Circles, triangles, and cubes are supported by dancers and are shifted about to reflect changing moods or movements. The costumes are incongruous combinations of shapes and forms and bright colors that are patched together with no regard for anatomy.

Miró's paintings are humorous and, at first glance, unintelligible; strangely distorted human and animal shapes are scattered over the canvas, and sometimes patterns are built up around one object, such as the eye in the reproduction on this page. The same idea has been taken over by advertisers like the Container Corporation, whose ad is shown on page 21. The symbolic eye has also been used by Herbert Matter in his photographic illustrations for the ads of The Composing Room, Inc., New York typographers. They consist of one eye strategically placed, or of a pattern of eyes that lead to the sales message.

The camera in the hands of portrait photographers has also given in to the surrealists. In London, Angus MacBean snaps his subjects with their heads and shoulders seeming to come up through the crusty surface of a desert or the top of a chest of drawers. These moody and weird settings are much in demand at the moment, and MacBean, hitching his camera to a fad, is capitalizing on surrealism's popularity.

What medium will succumb next cannot be imagined. Right now the use of surrealism by advertisers and sellers is largely confined to those dealing with the luxury class. Commercial surrealism will probably expand into other income brackets the way it has been expanding into various mediums. Come a few more years, and we may be examining surrealism in Macy's bargain basement.

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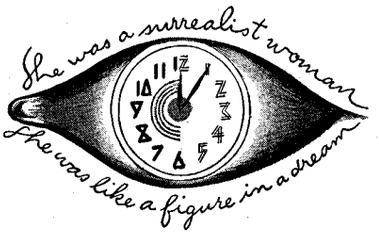
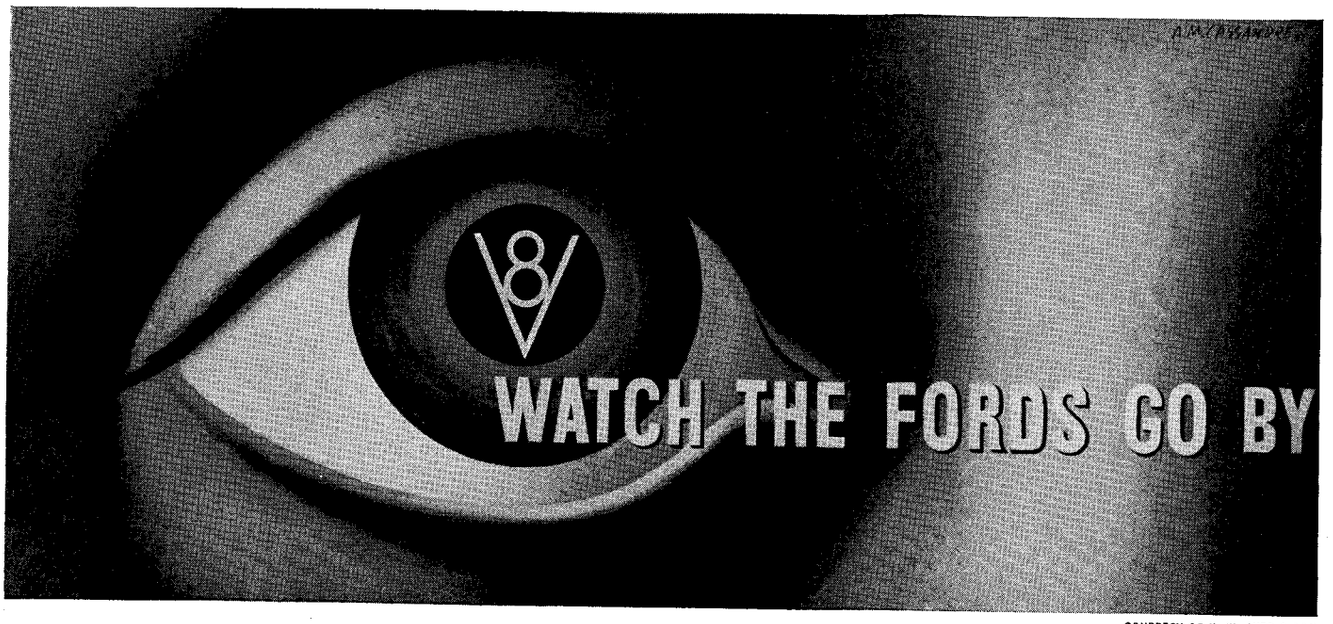
COURTESY OF N. W. AYER & SON



Whether you like it or not, when you look at Joan Miró's picture (opposite page) your glance inevitably follows a set path. This is a trick ready-made for the advertisers, who use it to make your eyes fix upon sales messages concerning boxes (left), dresses (above), and autos (below). The decorative drawing on this page and those on pages 17 and 18 are from Bonwit Teller advertisements



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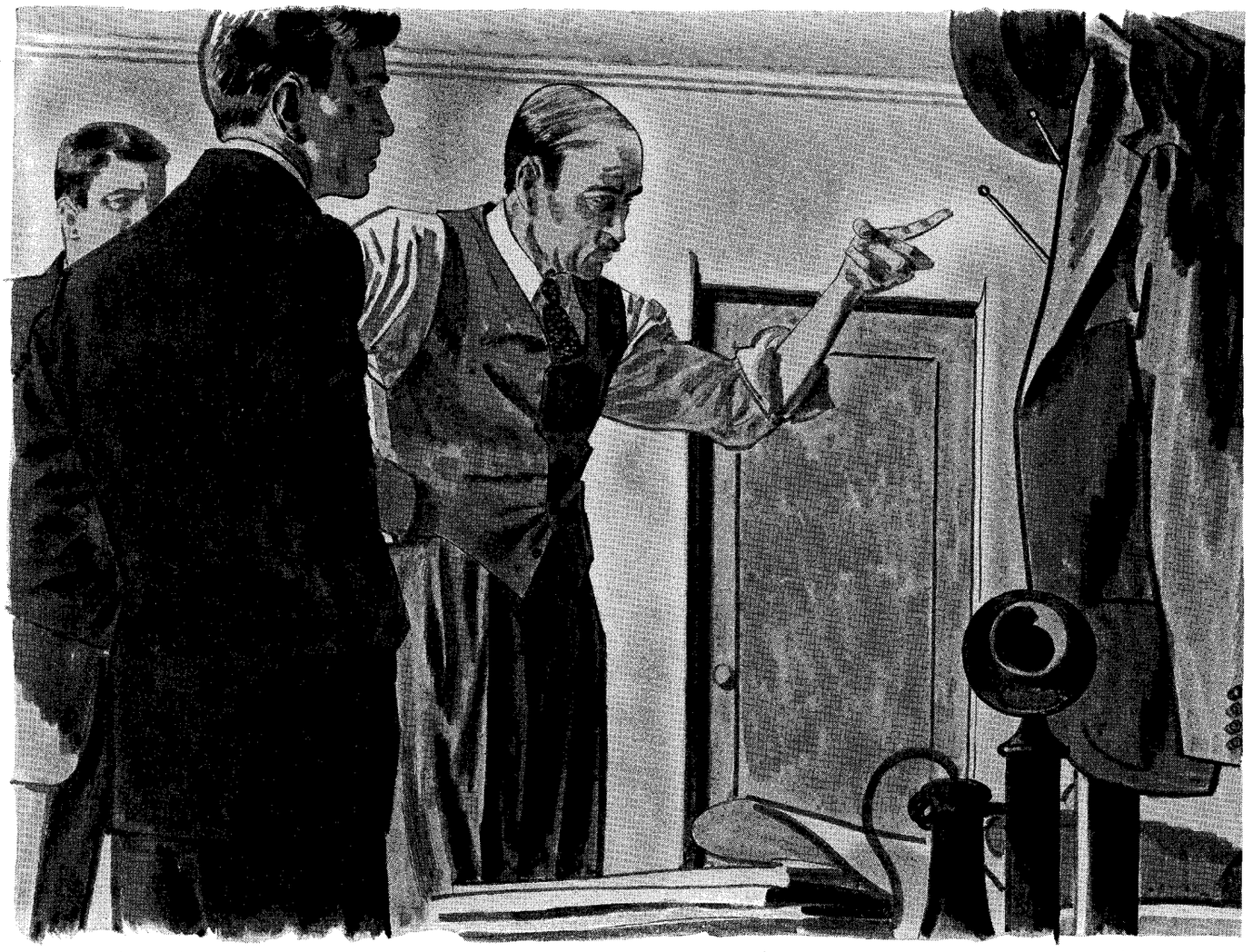

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Murder Is a Fact

A MYSTERY SERIAL BY KURT STEEL

"Chair for Lynch Rains?"

Seeing that headline on the evening before Lynch Rains, militant labor leader, is to go on trial for the murder of Philip Norton, young co-publisher of *Fact,* Baird Henderson feels doubts swelling in his mind. On the night that Norton died, Rains was known to be with him—and Rains had bitterly denounced *Fact* in a radio speech that same evening.

But there was George Danisher, the cosmetics manufacturer who had sworn revenge when *Fact* had exposed his product as poisonous—and Danisher was known to be in the vicinity of the crime. There was Julia, young, dissatisfied wife of Norton—and Julia hated her husband, loved Hugh Flint, ambitious founder of *Fact.*

To disturb further Henderson's peace of mind, Clark Malory, collegian apprentice writer on *Fact,* tells him that Norton was strongly opposed to *Fact-On-The-Air,* the ambitious and expensive radio program that Flint wants to establish.

Troubled by the idea that Lynch Rains may be innocent, Henderson pays scant attention to the conversation as he has supper with Flint and Monica Leeds, brilliant woman columnist with whom Henderson is in love and whom Flint is trying to persuade to join the *Fact* staff.

He snaps to attention, though, when Flint says, "You, Miss Leeds, will be women's editor of *Fact-On-The-Air.*"

"What do you mean?" Monica asks.

Flint explains that he has bought out the syndicate for

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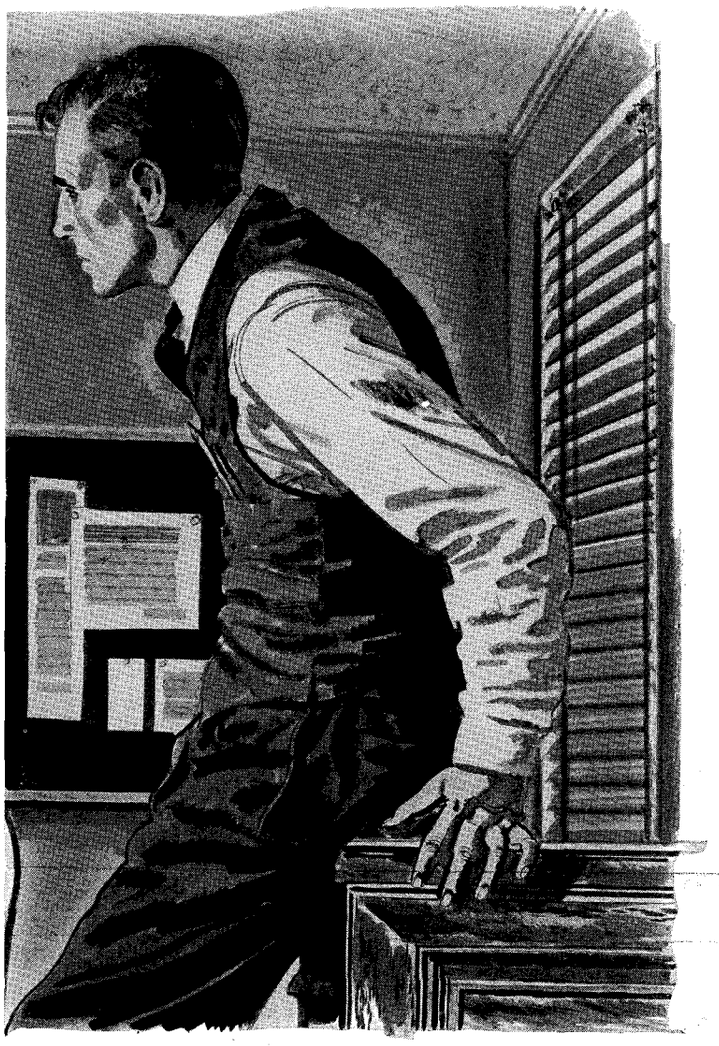

"You're going to take those two back," said Cook angrily, "or Fact *won't publish a page until you do."*

which Monica works, that he now holds her contract. Indignant, Monica resigns. Flint strides from the room.

Henderson tries to comfort Monica. But the strain of events causes them to quarrel. Worried, bitter, Henderson leaves Monica, walks disconsolately through the streets.

Conclusion

The next day was Tuesday, closing day, and Henderson was at his desk at eight o'clock, grimly fighting fatigue. This was not wholly the fruit of a sleepless night. As the winter had dragged out its interminably trying short days, he had found himself exhausted at the end of each, until a stubborn, unremitting weariness was with him constantly, lying like a dulled silver dollar loosely in the front of his head when he rose in the morning, damming off the cool stream of forgetfulness when he would have slept at night.

Flint burst into Henderson's office toward the middle of the forenoon, his face flushed with anger.

"Cable Malone he's through," Flint said furiously. "Now. Today."

"Why?"

Flint threw a letter to the desk. "There, damn it, that's why."

Henderson picked up the letter. It was written on the letterhead of *Fact's* Berlin bureau and inscribed to Finley Allen. "Facts, facts, facts," he read, after sketching a paragraph of personal commonplaces. "Brother Flint spent a vehement and uplifting week end with me recently, so you understand my passion, *mon vieux?* Finley, I am willing to bet any small amount of depreciated currency that within twelve months our own worthy vehicle of sweetness and light under Brother Flint's earnest and prayerful guidance will be taking an out-and-out pro-Nazi line."

"I've had my eye on Malone for a long time," Flint said harshly. "Malone doesn't belong with *Fact* any longer."

"No?"

"No! I won't tolerate disloyalty. Fire Malone."

"I won't fire Malone. He's the best man in Germany today."

"You will fire Malone!"

Henderson's tired eyes blazed wrathfully. "I'll recall him for three months, put him on a roving job here in the States, and I'll send him back to Germany at the end of that time. And if you don't like that," harshly, "you can go to hell and bring a new editor back with you."

Flint, his eyes hard and hostile, wheeled and strode out of the room.

Just after twelve his telephone rang. As he had done twenty times that day, Henderson started, felt the instantaneous flush of hope that it might be Monica, waited trembling.

The grilled speaker beside his desk burred. His finger fumbled with the switch. "Yes?"

Lord, his secretary, said, "Ted Keating, Mr. Henderson."

Reaction swept Henderson. He picked up the phone, said, "Yes, Ted." He had sent Keating that morning to cover the trial.

"That change-maker," Keating said rapidly, "the one who saw Rains get on the subway at Kew Gardens——"

"What about him?"

"He's changed his story," Keating said. "He's not certain, now, that it was Rains."

Henderson held the phone for a moment, not speaking.

"The court's adjourned," Keating said. "Want me to get interviews or come on back and do up what I've got?"

"Come on back," Henderson said flatly.

Rains' alibi gone. The waiting prolonged. The pressure tightening while he sat here . . .

He saw Lynch Rains' eyes.

Henderson himself rewrote Keating's story. A gong rang as he hurried down the corridor. He glanced at his watch. It was two-twenty. He crossed the clattering newsroom, its tumult at flood, passed down the line of thrumming teletypes, peering at the copy on each until he came

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to number ten. Here he bent down and clamped the sheet he carried in place over the story the operator was sending.

"Kill that other and give them this," Henderson commanded.

The man's fingers were beating out a correction on the jerking tape even as Henderson spoke. An instant later the machine at his elbow broke into a startled ding-ding-ding-ding-ding, and the new dispatch was stitching back and forth across the triplicate Manila sheet under its glass face, while Henderson watched.

From then on, Henderson was too rushed to heed the simmering feelings which the incident had loosed in him.

He was standing at a proofreader's shoulder, behind the triple-glass wall that dammed out the tumult beyond, when from the corner of his eye he caught the infinitesimal signs that showed the end was near. For an instant he felt a shaft of despair, knowing that he could not much longer escape the introspective guilt that he had been resisting all day. His eyes fell to the sheet the youth in the headphones was following word by word with his pencil. It was the trial story which Henderson himself had written.

As he watched, the reader said into his breastplate mouthpiece, "OK," slashed a check mark across the copy, throwing it aside to go on to the next.

The quintuple gong sounded sharply. The clamor slackened, leaving a pulsing, nerveless vacuum in which men slumped at desks or reached wearily for cigarettes.

Henderson walked toward the corridor. As he passed the Production Manager, drooping on the corner of a desk, clip board in his slack hand, Henderson inquired out of habit, "Book closed, Larry?"

The other nodded. "Last plates on the way."

Back in his office, Henderson ignored the work drifted on his desk.

His sickening suspicion of the night before returned. Impelled by the need for action, spurred by the realization of his defection, he rose, got his hat and coat. With a deliberation in which there was something uncertain and hesitant, he went out of the office, out of the building. When he reached the street he walked rapidly away as if fleeing a threat whose durable essence had suddenly been revealed to him anew.

XXV

An hour after he left the office Henderson stopped his car on the narrow, forest-hung road at the spot where Norton's body had been found. Darkness had long since come. Distantly, across the frozen meadow, he could see lighted windows in the servants' quarters of Flint's Georgian house.

He had, impelled by no clearly traced design, driven from town along the route the murdered publisher had taken that August night. Now he was sitting where Norton had changed a tire, where he had been struck down as he knelt unfastening the lugs, where . . .

Henderson's thinking brought up with a shock as when slowly meshing gears bite into some hard obstruction.

Above the narrow road stretching on before him in the cold brilliance of his lights, the arched trellis of barren boughs was uneasy in a bitter January wind. The rhododendron bushes lining the roadside, pinched and hungry-looking, huddled shivering together. A bareheaded girl on a roan horse cantered surprisingly out of the darkness behind him, looked over her shoulder, and roweled her mount to a gallop; its hoofbeats drummed away down the sandy road, died, and left nothing but the whistle of the wind and the creaking branches overhead.

Henderson looked about him in the reflected twilight of the Cord's headlights, made sure he had chosen the spot aright, and leaned forward to note the mileage on his speedometer. Then he drove away, accelerating rapidly, overtaking the girl on the roan horse just as the narrow road opened out on the highway. He slowed and read the speedometer again as he passed the entrance to the Norton grounds. It was six-tenths of a mile from where he had started. As he passed the gate, he leaned forward to stare into the rushing darkness, visualizing the house of gray fieldstone, empty now, solid, incommunicative, crowning a long, arrogant slope of landscaped lawn, only its shuttered upper story and spaced chimneys showing through the interwoven leafless branches of the elms by day.

Six-tenths of a mile. Twelve city blocks. From Fortieth Street to Fifty-second. For a man of Norton's athletic stride a ten- to twelve-minute walk.

On his return to town, chilled, morose, he had dinner at an out-of-the-way restaurant on Sullivan Street, near the lower edge of Greenwich Village. While he ate, the question which had emerged from the ruck of his indecision wove in and out through his thoughts, a small insistent question, a question too small for a condemned man's life to hang upon it, a question so trivial that no one had thought of it before.

Why had Philip Norton set to changing the tire himself that sultry August night?

Why had Norton undertaken a task so odious to him when, conditioned by his background, he might be expected to demand service in such an emergency—and when service had been available at the end of a ten-minute walk?

Why had Norton . . .

The implications of the question quickened in his fatigue-drugged mind.

There were two possible answers: Norton had not been changing a tire at all; the whole situation had been synthetically set up as an elaborate blind to give the impression of a casual nocturnal encounter. Or, Norton had changed the tire, *but with assistance.*

How had that tire been hurt? Henderson tried vainly to remember whether this had been brought out at the inquest or in the investigation which followed. Slashed? A nail driven into it, perhaps? Some mark which, on examination, would show it had been purposeful? Potter, Norton's chauffeur, might remember, for he must have repaired the injured tube. (*continued on page* 42)

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True Stories

HARLAND MANCHESTER

The confession magazines . . . selling sin-and-suffering to one of every fifteen Americans, translated into four languages, carrying $7,000,000 in ads. each year

Now and again Bernarr Macfadden has an emotional explosion, and the result is a magazine, a newspaper, a health farm, or a bunion derby. If it flops, he crosses it out and starts over again. If it clicks, he hires some specialists to tell him why he did it.

One of Macfadden's biggest explosions took place in the spring of 1919. It seems there were a lot of letters on his desk from readers of *Physical Culture*, which he has been publishing since 1904. Macfadden's appeal to his readers is direct and personal. They believe in him. He is their friend. In their letters they asked for advice. "My husband ran out on me —what shall I do?" "My daughter went wrong," "My son went to jail," "I can't stop drinking," "How can I get a husband?"

Macfadden brooded over the mounting pile of confidences. For all his expenditures and losses, he is a frugal man, with an eye to low initial costs. He is also an evangelist. In the vast protean caverns of his cerebrum, the publisher and the evangelist met, and an idea took shape. He called in his veteran associate, Orr J. Elder, and told him that he was going to have a magazine. Macfadden and Elder whipped the letters into shape, bought some editorial window dressing, and spent days writing lists of possible titles and tossing them away. One night Mr. Macfadden, leaping from his desk like Archimedes from his bath, waved a sheet of paper before Elder's face. It bore in big letters the words "True Story."

The first issue of *True Story* appeared in May, 1919. On the cover was a man-and-woman tableau with the caption, "And their love turned to hatred." "Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction," the cover proclaimed, and down at the bottom, "We Offer $1000 for Your Life Romance." Stories like "A Wife Who Awoke in Time," "My Battle with John Barleycorn, " "An Ex-Convict's Climb to Millions, how a man won out against prejudice," "How I Learned to Hate My Parents," and " 'Dearie'—The Lesson that Bullies Learned from Him—a True West Point Story" furnished the *pièces de résistance* of the ninety-six-page book. The stories were illustrated with posed photographs, a Macfadden invention. The pages were enlivened by short, chatty pieces about current stage and screen notables: Douglas Fairbanks, Billie Burke, William Farnum, Dorothy Gish. The issue carried thirteen and a half pages of advertising—mostly for patent medicines and courses in will power, memory training, music, etc. The magazine sold for twenty cents. The bulk of its revenue came from newsstand sales, not from advertising. For several years its space salesmen were haughtily rebuffed by the switchboard queens of most of the big advertising agencies.

A business rebuff hits Macfadden the way a BB shot hits a rhinoceros. Beginning back in the early part of the century with a four-page shoestring on something called

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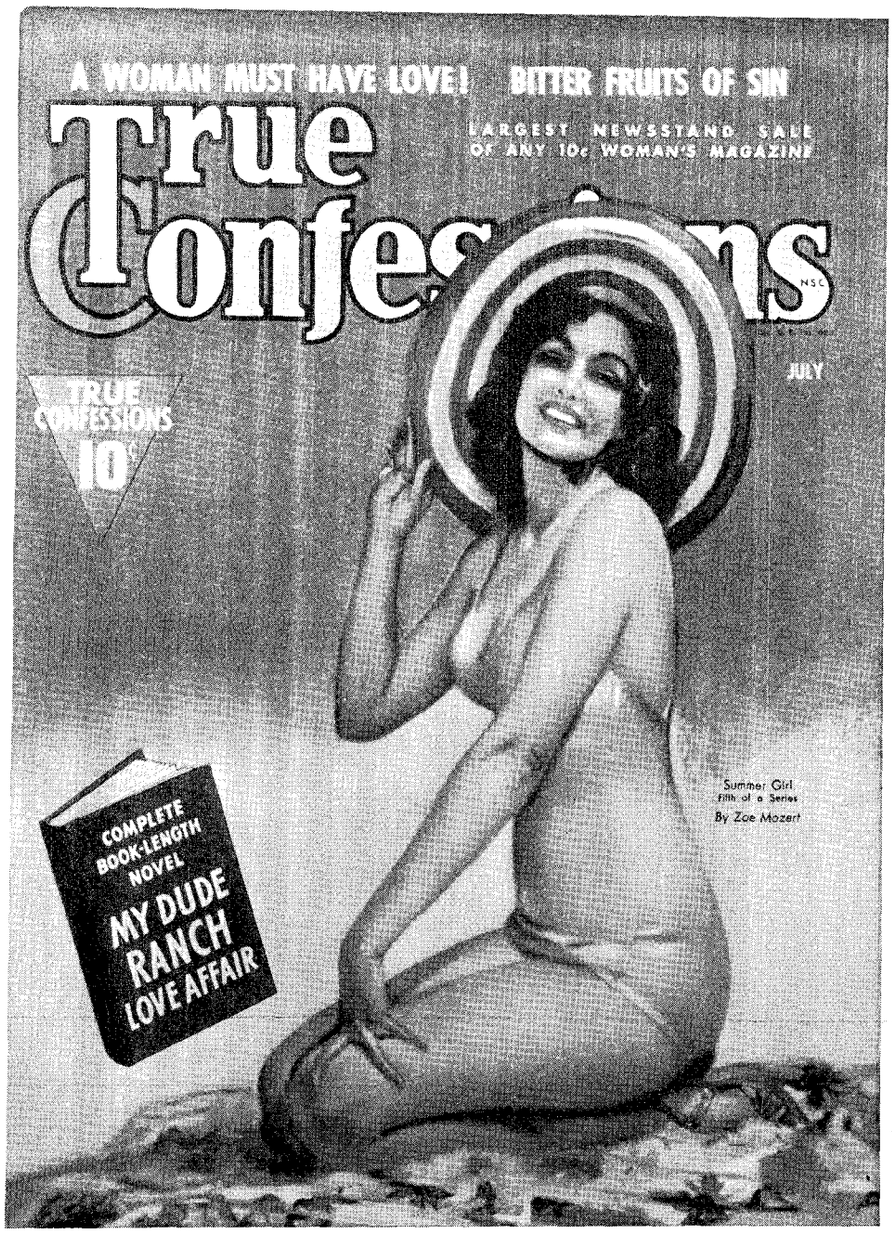
A WOMAN MUST HAVE LOVE! BITTER FRUITS OF SIN
True Confessions
LARGEST NEWSSTAND SALE OF ANY 10¢ WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
JULY
TRUE CONFESSIONS 10¢
COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL
MY DUDE RANCH LOVE AFFAIR
Summer Girl
Fifth of a Series
By Zoe Mozert

kinesitherapy, he ran his business up to a boom-year $50,000,000 corporation with thirteen magazines and ten daily newspapers. He dropped at least $7,000,000 on the New York *Evening Graphic* before it folded, and his total losses on his other newspapers were tremendous. He spent over half a million on a suburban development in New Jersey, which was auctioned off in a few years for back taxes. He buys hotels, like the 100-room Macfadden-Deauville in Miami, he runs a health farm in New York State, he feeds people at a loss in his penny cafés. Yet while tossing millions across the board, he lives on a rigid diet, he doesn't drink or smoke, he works so hard that he has no time for friendship, and he wears a pair of shoes five years.

The frozen faces melted beneath Macfadden's indomitable sincerity. *True Story* circulation soared in a steep arc. Elder created a sane business organization, and by 1928 circulation had climbed up past the 2,000,000 mark and advertising revenue had reached $3,000,000. Last year, more than 2,200,000 people bought the magazine every month, and its advertising space sold for nearly $4,000,000.

II

THERE is one Bernarr Macfadden, and there is his prophet, William Jourdan Rapp. Since 1925, Rapp has been editor of *True Story,* and like his boss, he is an evangelist. He has worked for the international Y.M.C.A., the League of Nations, and the Near East Relief. Like Macfadden, he has explosions. He had one in Asia Minor, and wrote a play about a new leader who would unite the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the Jews. As a New York newspaperman, he was attracted to Macfadden because of a similarity of disposition. He is eloquent in telling of the value of his magazine to its wage-earner readers. People of means and education have resources for solving their personal problems which are often barred to the person of low income, he explains. They can pay for legal and medical advice. They are more prone to end marital troubles in the divorce court. But those who lack resources of money, education, and experience may identify themselves with the people in *True Story,* and see how the other fellow meets his problems.

The personal histories that *True Story* prints must satisfy six major requirements set up by the magazine. They must:

1. Be utterly serious.
2. Be true to life.
3. Be told in homely, simple phrases.
4. Be told in the first person.
5. Be realistic.
6. Teach a strong moral lesson.

To achieve these results, the Macfadden people put through a mill of amateur readers their yearly grist of 70,000 to 100,000 manuscripts. Mr. Macfadden has always been skeptical about specialists, and this was a part of the original *True Story* idea. Others have tried it with less success. One pulp publisher hired salesgirls from a department store, but the girls took studio apartments, got a rush of literature to the head, and spoiled everything. Macfadden editors avoid this by advertising for *True Story* readers who want part-time work. They take bales of stories home, and answer only two questions: (1) Do you believe this story is true? (2) Does it interest you? They answer the second question by grading the story in the manner of a school quiz.

A typical issue of *True Story* may contain:

Six unsigned first-person stories: titles like "My Double Life," "That First Sin," "Because She Jilted Me."

Twenty-thousand-word piece about a marriage that wouldn't jell.

Installment of a serial: two men love her desperately, passionately; girl's heart torn as jealousy rears ugly head.

Big-name serial, as of Smedley Butler on "China's Joan of Arc."

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Signed "life story" of movie star.

Four-page kiddies' section; puzzles, laughs, contests.

Homemaker section: conductor, Prof. Bristow Adams of Cornell. Cooking, beauty, fashions, needlework; deportment hints, like "Stay Away from Married Men."

Full-page editorial by Mr. Macfadden, topped by the visage of the Father Confessor himself.

For a good sample of *True Story* fare, there's "Poor Little Rich Boy." The anonymous writer won a $1000 prize, so Macfadden must rate it tops. The boy in the case tells how an ambitious mother hustled him off on a world tour to break up his romance with a poor girl on the other side of the tracks. But before she did this the couple had loved "not wisely, but too well," the boy tells us, and there was a secret wedding with the bride's slouch-hatted father officiating with a shotgun. Later, when they return, mother gets the low-down, and has the marriage annulled. Time goes on, and mother engineers a proper marriage for him with a girl of his own set. Then comes the depression, mother loses her money, the new wife costs plenty, and the boy pulls a Whitney on his firm and goes to jail. He emerges a purged man; mother is also repentant. His expensive wife having divorced him, he looks up the mother of his child, and they settle down on a farm.

"That First Sin," which drew a $500 prize, isn't what you think it is, but the story of a Pennsylvania miner's son who went from gambling to petty thievery, became involved with a holdup gang, went through the required purge, and finally settled down with a regular job and a devoted wife. Another prize story deals with a San Francisco secretary whose boss's wife lures away her good-looking husband.

In Mr. Macfadden's message, which deals with unrequited love, we find the master in a fiercely exalted mood. "The mystic wings of love," he writes, "often take us into the seventh heaven of delight, replete with rapturous thrills . . . But to have loved and lost! Ah, there is, indeed, a soul-searing tragedy! To visit the heavenly realms, to sit within the pearly gates of dreamy bliss, and then to be thrust into the fiery regions of Satan's inferno . . . is an experience that develops character or thrusts one downward to defeat . . ." This goes on for a page, and the pay-off is that you ought to keep your chin up.

This style of writing is reserved for the boss. The stories themselves are simply and directly written, and a lot happens in them. Fiction writers of the slicks may content themselves with a single girlish escapade, seduction, crime, or marital conflict, but to get to first base with *True Story* you've got to be a champion gamut-runner. Like Michael Arlen's memorable lady, the *True Story* teller is "never let off anything." Punishment inexorably follows crime, but after the advent of the nameless child, after the jail sentence, the *meae culpae* and the breast-beatings, the narrator usually reaches a haven of comparative serenity.

Rapp maintains that there is no undue emphasis on sex in these stories. "Our stories have only the normal amount of sex that you'll find in anyone's life," he says. "They're written in the common idiom, that's all. And you've got to remember that with people of low incomes, there's a close relation between morality and economics. Liquor, immorality, gambling, etc. destroy a wage-earner's home much more quickly and surely than they do the homes of people who have more money. If a wage-earner husband runs around with another woman, the security of his home is menaced economically as well as emotionally. Security—that's their chief concern, not sex."

Thanks to Rapp's efforts, ministers, teachers, and heads of social-betterment agencies have endorsed *True Story* and have contributed articles. Dr. William Stidger, pastor of the Church of All Nations in Boston, has an ample stall in the Macfadden celebrity stable and is a regular con-

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tributor. His new series, "Family Problems in the White House," began in the July issue. The weekly radio network dramatization of *True Story* tales, under the title "The Court of Human Relations," is in line with this policy. It may be due to the influence of these writers or it may be because of the depression that *True Story* manuscripts and letters to the editor show an increasing trend toward social consciousness.

Once, the loss of a job was treated as an individual problem; now it's "something ought to be done." The "criticism contests," in which readers are asked to vote on stories, reveal a belief that when grandfather can't work any more, society has something to do with feeding him, and when daughter gets into trouble, it may be partly due to factors beyond her control. Recent *True Story* pieces have dealt, in a highly personalized vein, with the sharecroppers, the Pennsylvania coal miners, an upstate milk strike, and the plight of women in Nazi Germany. Macfadden has broken with the Administration, but he let it stand when a writer capped her tale of economic woe with the exclamation, "God bless President Roosevelt."

III

COMPETITORS arose soon after *True Story* took the field, for the "book" made money even on newsstand sales and correspondence-school advertisements. In 1922 Fawcett launched the highly successful *True Confessions*. Delacorte brought out *I Confess*, now defunct, and in 1929 started *Modern Romances*, now a leader in the field. There have been literally hundreds of lesser imitators, most of them lurid and provocative. Editors sat up nights ringing all the changes on the words "true," "real," "personal," "intimate," "confession," "story," "revelation," and so on.

When Macfadden saw how things were going, he decided to compete with himself. He figured that when readers finished *True Story*, they might find it tedious waiting for the next issue. So he brought out *True Romances*, which caught on at once, then *Love and Romance*, and in 1926, *True Experiences*. These secondary books tend to specialize in pre-marriage and courtship stories. They will tell you at Macfadden's that there's a reason for that. The girls who read *True Story* in 1919 grew up, got married, had children, and thus got into dithers over their families instead of their boy friends. The average age of the *True Story* reader is now 29, so the magazine has shifted its ground accordingly, leaving to its younger sisters the task of holding the hand of the girl on life's threshold.

The net paid circulation of *True Romances* last year was 846,033; of *Love and Romance*, 419,068; of *True Experiences*, which deals with more general topics than the other two, 452,125. Today, every newsstand is a witness to the effect of the great Macfadden explosion. The eight leaders in the first-person field have a total circulation of over 6,000,000. Every month, one out of every fifteen literate adults in the United States buys a magazine of sin, suffering, and redemption.

IV

IN the middle of the woods southwest of Duluth, Minnesota, there is a huge, rambling resort whose rooms and cabins will bed 800 guests. There is a golf course hewn out of the virgin forest, tennis courts, horses to ride, and a lake to jump in. On the walls of the big dining room and lobby there are heads of tigers, lions, zebras, and other fauna. Sitting before the fire on a chilly day is W. H. ("Captain Billy") Fawcett, founder and head of Fawcett Publications, Inc., whose *True Confessions* is second in mass appeal only to *True Story*.

Right there his resemblance to Bernarr Macfadden begins and ends. He eats what he likes. He doesn't even want to save the world. He has no mystic mission, and

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when he gets some money, he has some fun with it. He bagged all those animals in Africa, and it cost him over $50,000 just to have the heads mounted. When he was sixteen, he ran away from his father's North Dakota parsonage to join the army. In the Philippines, he was wounded with a Malay creese and nearly lost his leg. For a time he covered police headquarters for the Minneapolis *Tribune*. He rode into publishing on *Captain Billy's Whizz-Bang,* a half-pint book of belly-laughs for the barbershop trade. He made an estimated $2,000,000 out of the robust gags, and wired his brother Roscoe out in Portland, Oregon, to leave off sports-writing and balloon-racing and come where the money was.

"Uncle Roscoe," now deceased, formed Midwest Distributors, which now handles *True Confessions* and the other Fawcett books. The outfit soon became a family enterprise. Sons Roger, Wilfred H., Jr., Gordon, and Roscoe K. now work for the firm and own stock, and other Fawcett stockholders are Frances, Clarence, Gloria, Virginia Lee, and John.

One may compare the editorial tone of *True Confessions* with that of the Macfadden books by the girl on the cover. Hers is an alert, sophisticated allure, compared with the rosebud simplicity of the *True Story* or *True Romances* ladies. She uses mascara and pays a lot for a permanent. She gets around. In the May issue there are nine confession stories, one of them novelette length, and for special features there are the "Marriage Clinic," "The Port of Lonely Hearts" ("Find yourself a pen pal"), advice on manners, cooking, household economics, and beauty, and departments of astrology and graphology. A typical story deals with the love complications of a circus aerialist who becomes a stunt girl in the movies. In another, a girl succumbs to the glamor of a navy officer's uniform, while she really loves a gob.

The plots and incidents of these stories are no more lurid than those which occur in the conservative "slicks," says Editor Beatrice Lubitz, who is a Master of Arts and former social-service worker. It is the treatment which is different. Popular fiction magazines have been known to run serials based squarely upon stories which first appeared in *True Confessions*. Much of the material comes from women who have done social-service work and have access to case histories. One contributor is friendly with a woman judge in Chicago. She listens to trials and follows up the people who sound interesting. Fawcett pays two cents a word for manuscripts, which is the prevailing rate.

True Confessions first appeared in August, 1922. The emphasis was on crime stories. "Revelations of a District Attorney," "Memoirs of a Con Man," "Experiences of a Dope Slave" were typical of the titles. Jim Tully was one of the early contributors. Letters showed that most of the readers were women, and that they preferred love confessions to crime, so the editorial policy was trimmed accordingly. Now the book has the greatest newsstand circulation of any ten-cent woman's magazine in the world, and there is a second Fawcett confession book, *Romantic Story*.

Other firms shy away from the word "confession," and use phrases like "real-life book," and "first-person book," but Fawcett makes the most of it. Last winter a publicity hookup with the Paramount film, *True Confession,* starring Carole Lombard, gave the magazine more than 150,000 new readers. A miniature of the magazine, containing the first installment of a typical serial, was given away in theater lobbies, and a theme song, "True Confession," led sheet-music sales for several weeks.

V

WHEN wages are mentioned in confession stories, they usually run around $25 a week. The appeal to this income group is most noticeable in *Modern Romances*. The editor, Helen J. Day, who was trained in the Macfadden school, keeps her stories close to the average worker and his family. The people in her first-person tales work on farms and in garages and grocery stores, and there are no Long Island homes thrown in for snob appeal. This is a part of a closely integrated general policy, for Alexander Stewart, the promotion manager, sells advertisers on the slogan "Buying Begins at $20." He shows that over 37 per cent of American families earn between $20 and $40 a week, and that they buy more soup, bacon, coffee, cereals, baking powder, laundry soap, and so on, than any other income group. The stories are all about these people. Beneath the sensational titles, they are simply written, with occasional purple patches about the "rushing, searing flames of blind, unreasoning passion," and they are uncompromisingly moral. It is proved conclusively in the May issue that a farm girl should not sleep with the help, that it's tough on a girl when her mother is a harlot, that girls had better stay away from other girls' husbands, and that in-laws are sometimes troublesome. All the stories read as though they could have happened, and there is nothing of the "slicks" fiction pattern about them. "Reader identification," not "escape," is the big idea.

Like the Macfadden and Fawcett editors, Miss Day has impressed social agencies with the value of a medium which actually reaches wage earners' wives, and people prominent in the field contribute signed articles.

Modern Romances is a product of the Dell Publishing Company, headed by George T. Delacorte, Jr., a veteran in the mass-appeal field. Unlike Delacorte's previous short-lived entries, *I Confess* and *My Story,* his new magazine is a pronounced success. It was first marketed through the Kresge and Kress chain stores, after the fashion of the Woolworth Tower Magazines, which Delacorte recently absorbed. *Modern Romances* was launched in 1929, and in spite of the depression has acquired a circulation of 660,118, which gives it fourth place in the field.

Circulation is fine, but the ultimately important thing is the verdict of the men who sell soap, cosmetics, radios, automobiles, and other goods. Last year these men spent $3,961,609 hawking their wares in the pages of *True Story*—which was more than they spent for advertising space in *Cosmopolitan,* the (*continued on page* 60)

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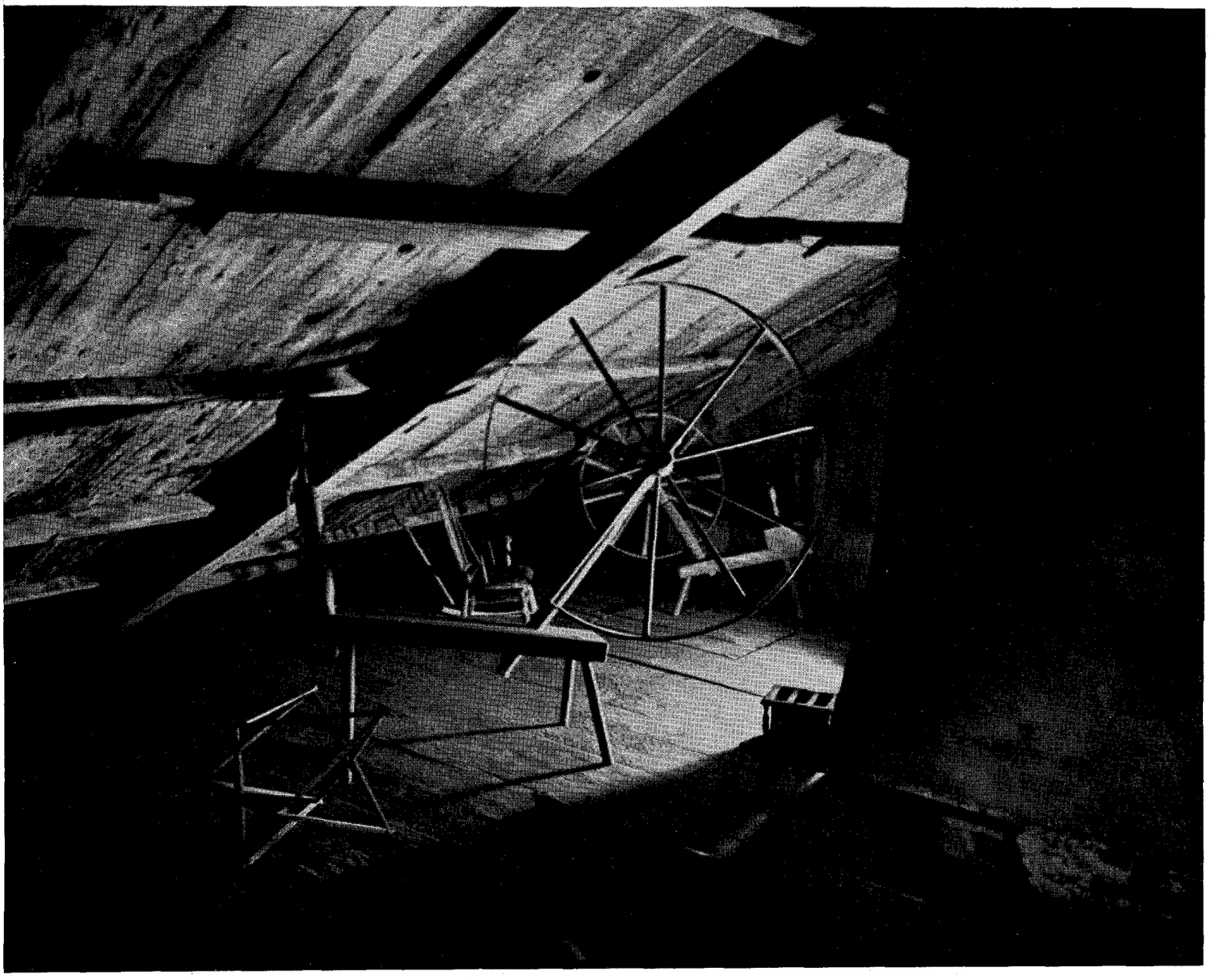
LIFE IN THE U.S... *Photographic*

In this section we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. Our object is to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following prints see page 53.



MEMORIES, by F. Allan Morgan

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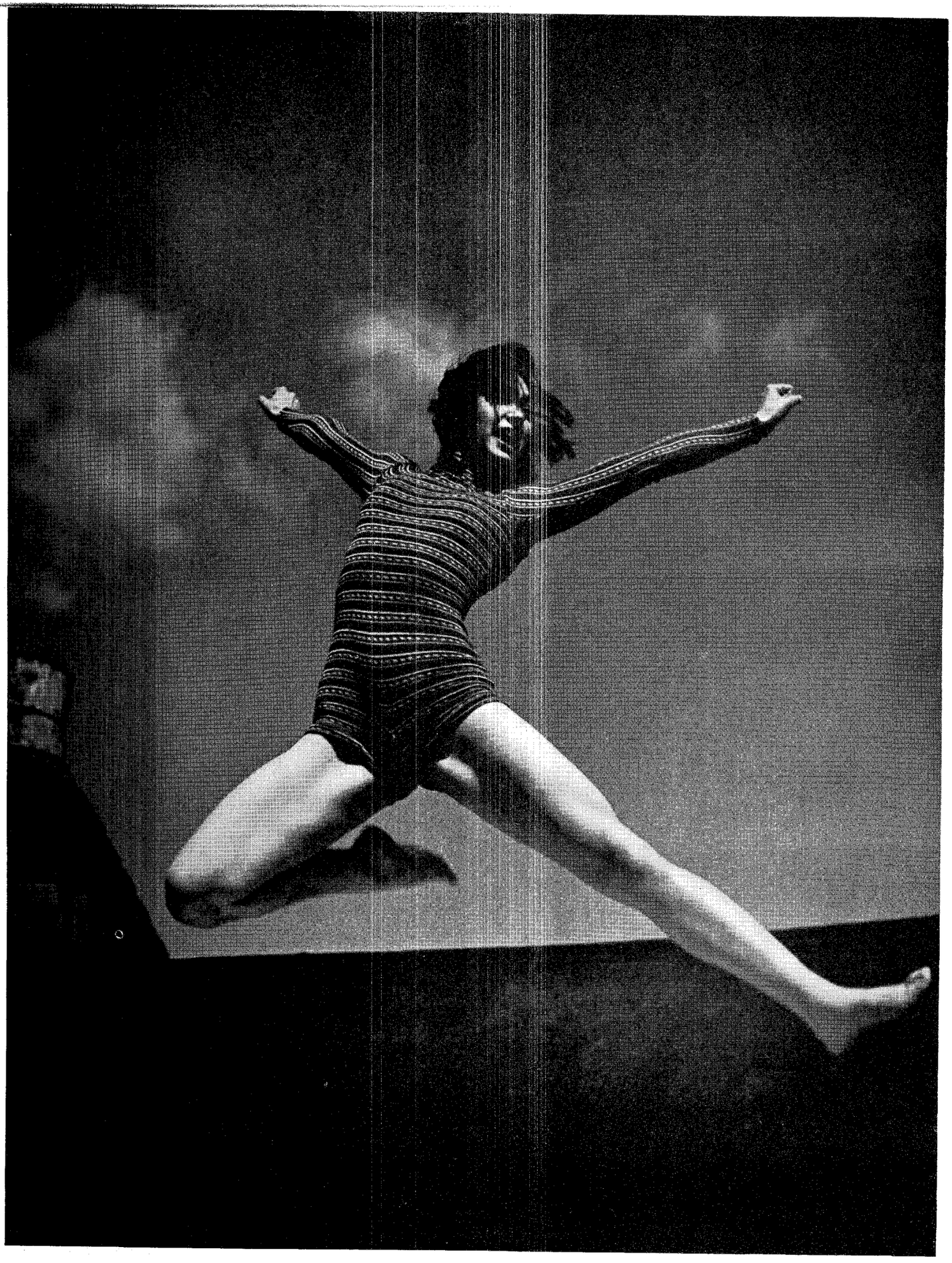

SEENIE ROETHER, by William Ward

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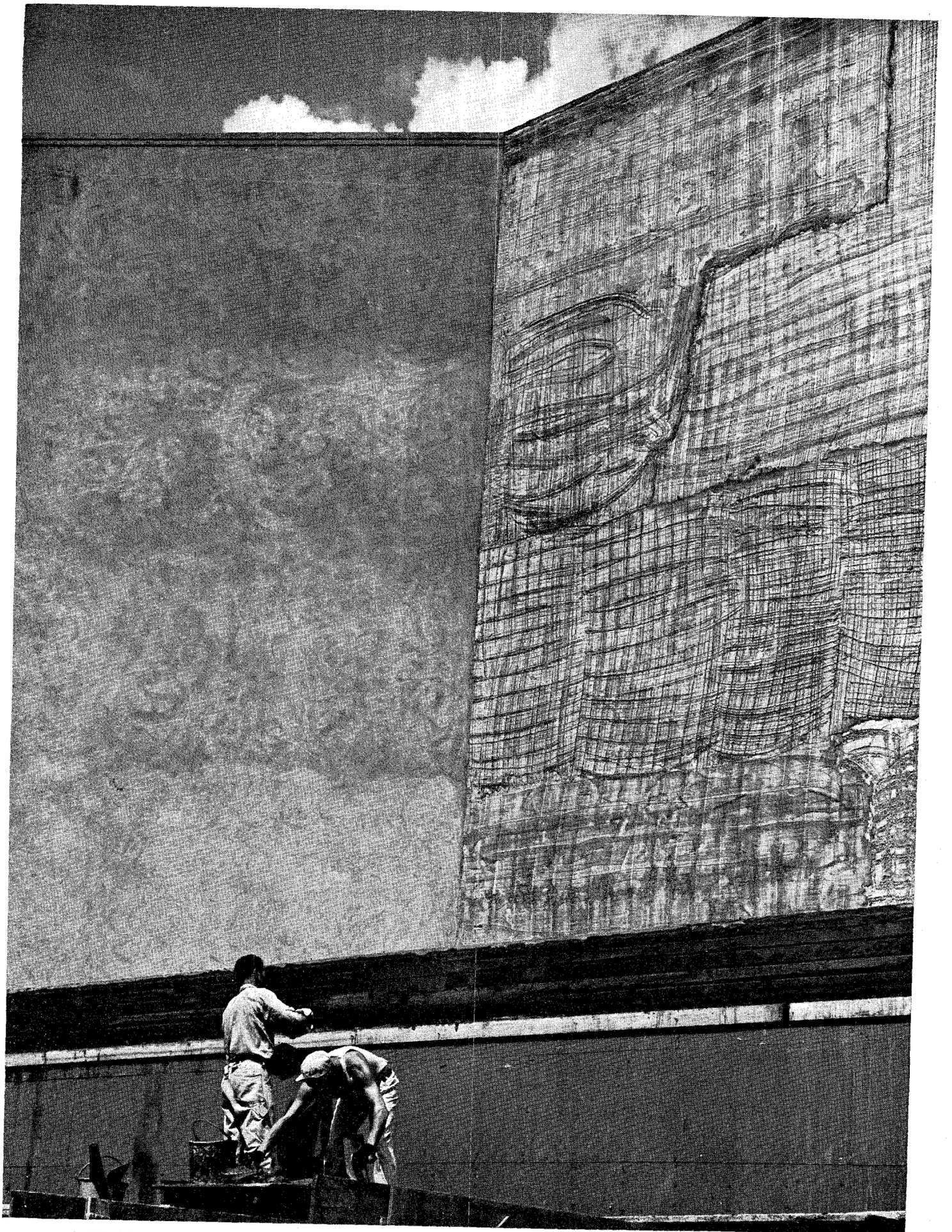

MURAL, by Ben Schnall

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FROM EWING KRAININ

ZOO PIECE, by René Debussy

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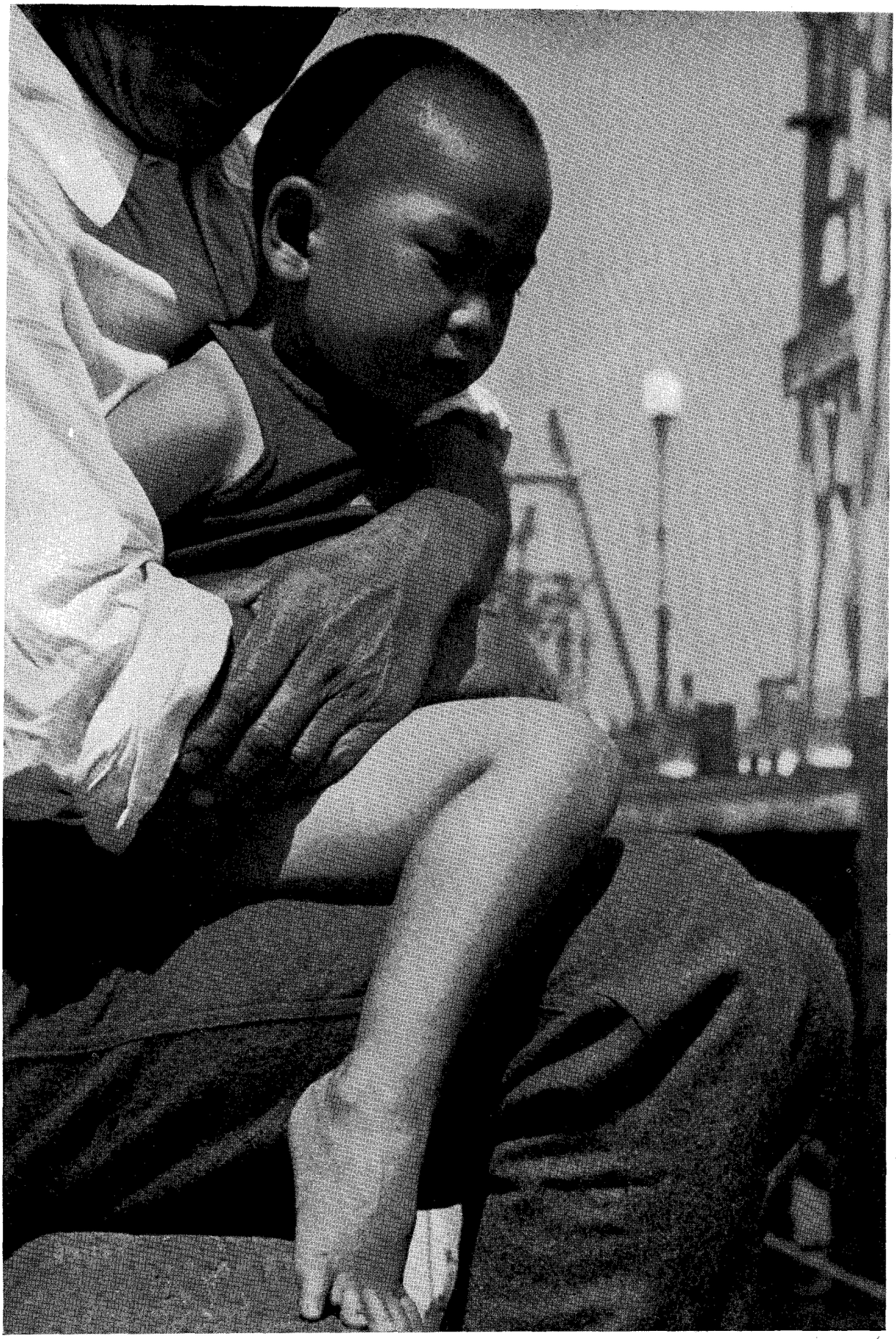

FATHER AND SON, by Ruth Bernhard

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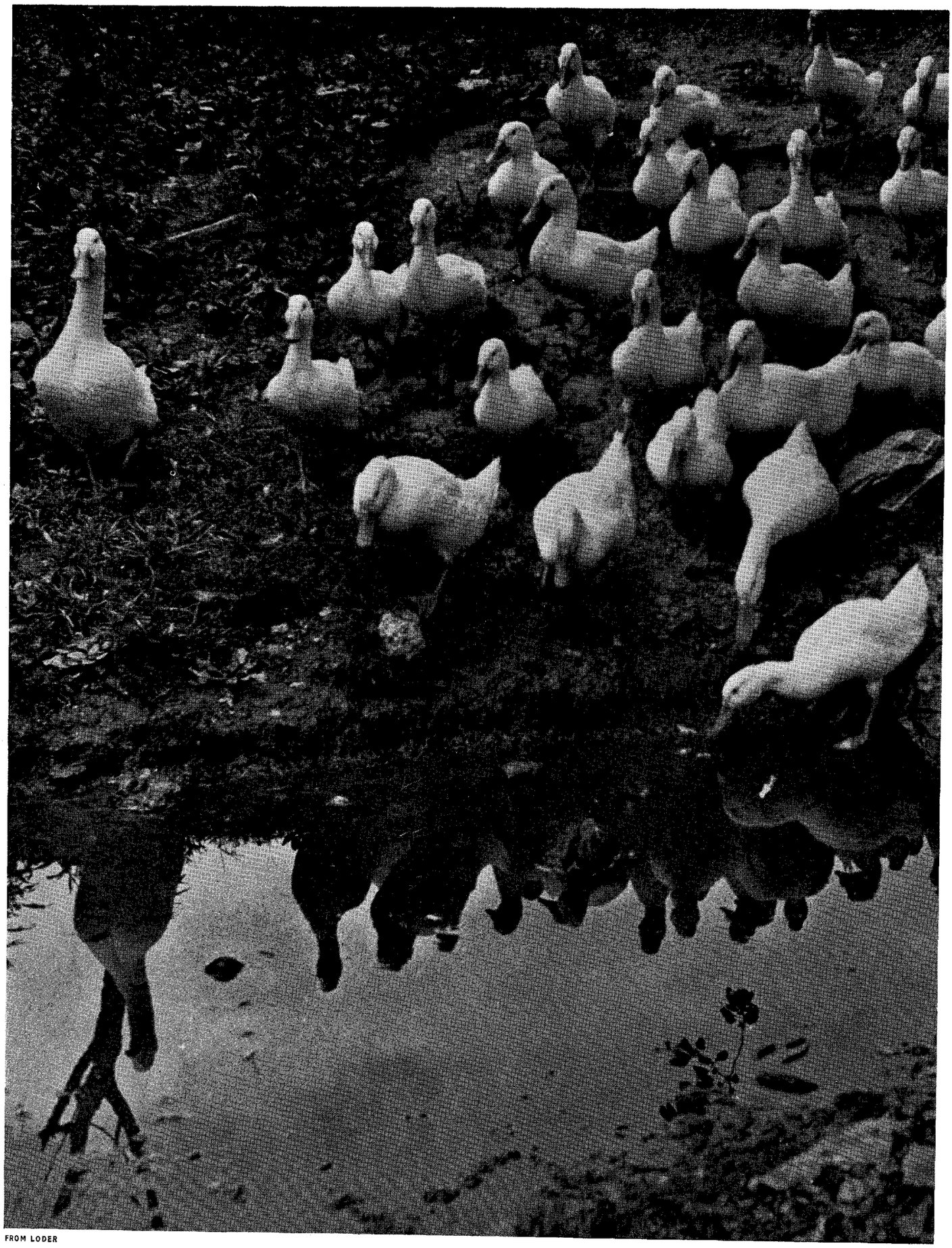

FROM LODER

WATERING PLACE, by Charlotte Post

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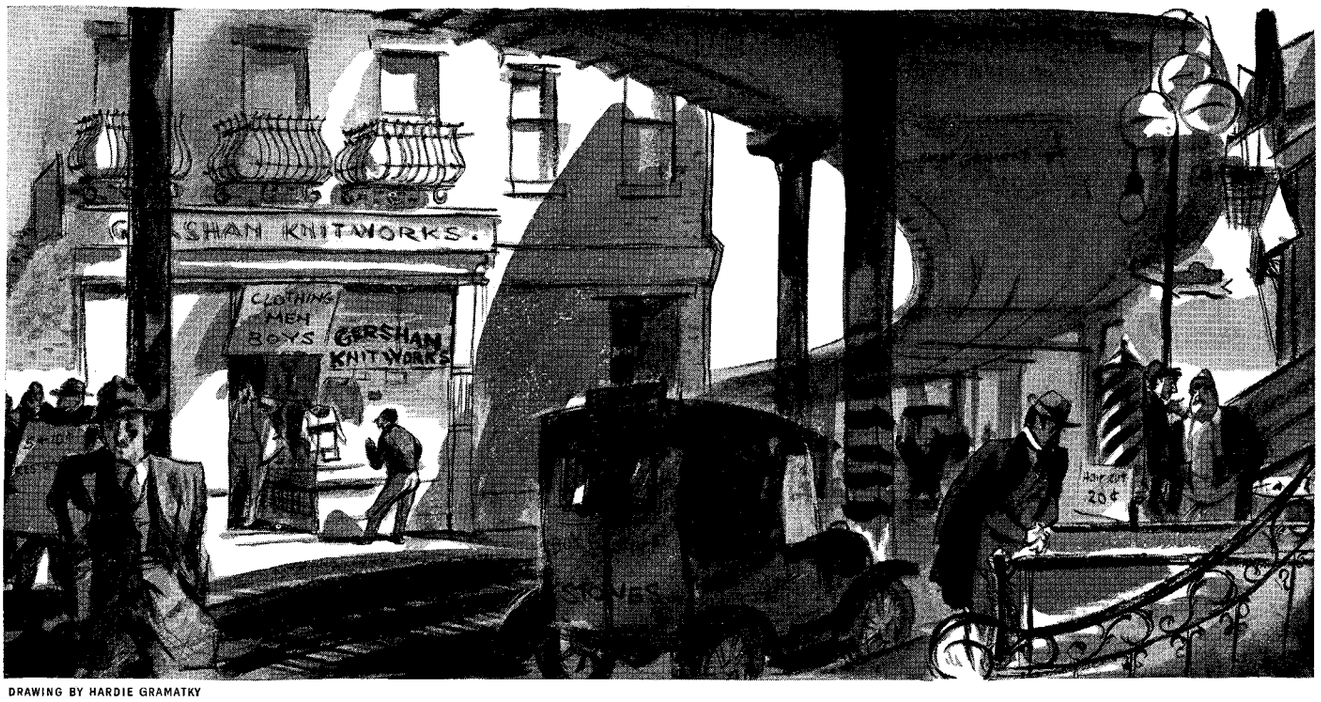

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Fifty Cents Short of a Bargain

On the way to and from school, I always had to stop at the show window of the Gershan Knitworks on Third Avenue, to look longingly at the white pullover sweater with the maroon stripe. For I was in love with that sweater. Not the skimpy one labeled *Nifty;* not the one labeled *Swagger.* The all-wool beauty I wanted was labeled seductively *Riviera.*

But, like a disapproving chaperone, the price tag stared austerely at me: Sixteen dollars. Nobody in the neighborhood interpreted literally Gershan's price tags, and I was sure that sweater could be haggled down to twelve dollars—maybe even a little less. Unfortunately, I had only four dollars.

At home, I had to be very secretive about it all, for my parents were sure to have other ideas about the disposal of so much money. I was saving fifty cents a week by cutting down my lunches, but they suspected nothing when I rammed down a double-helping breakfast every morning and a good-sized snack right after school.

Sometimes my father would say, "Stop making a pig outa yourself."

But my mother always squelched him. "Must you take the bread outa the boy's mouth? Leavim alone—he's growing."

As the weeks passed, I continued to yearn for that sweater, and faithfully put away coin after coin until I had saved ten dollars. I told Phil Ruckow, my chum, about *Riviera,* and we went together to Gershan's window, where I pointed it out.

"It's the cat's bazinkus, all right," he said.

That made me feel good. "But Gershan wants a lot of dough for it."

"That sixteen bucks is the bunk. He'll give it for less."

"I know, but do you think he'll take as low as twelve?"

"Depends on who's doing the buying. I'll bet my old man or Iggie could get it for around ten."

Of course! Why hadn't I thought of them in the first place? Phil's father was a cutter; Phil's older brother, Iggie, worked in the stockroom of Broad-Dilly Cravats; those men know apparel values. I had seen them beat down the price of a suit for Phil from twenty-seven to seventeen dollars—with an extra pair of pants thrown in. I had seen them bring home other prodigious bargains. If only they would help me!

"I've got ten bucks," I said. "Do you think one of them might tackle Gershan for me?"

"I guess so," said Phil. "Why don't you come around tonight, and ask them? The old man's been kind of crabby lately, but Iggie ought to be willing."

Promptly after dinner, I made sure my ten dollars were secure in my pocket, and hurried to the Ruckows'. Phil greeted me at the door: "Well, I broke the ice for you, old boy."

Mr. Ruckow greeted me in the parlor: "I hear you want to buy a sixteen-dollar sweater."

I grinned. "But not for sixteen dollars."

Iggie said, "It ought to be *some* sweater. What's it made of? Platinum?"

Phil said, "It's all wool, like I told you."

I looked significantly, first at Mr. Ruckow, then at Iggie. "I figured Gershan might let it go for ten—that is, if the right person tackles him."

Mr. Ruckow shook his head. "It's still too much for a sweater. Tell me, Eddie, do you find ten dollars in the gutter? You know, when you first started going around with Phil, I took you for an intelligent boy . . ." He let his voice trail off.

"But genuine wool is expensive," I argued.

"Pearl necklaces are also expensive," said Mr. Ruckow. "By the way, how many of those ten-dollar bills 've you got?"

"One." I looked at the floor.

Iggie cut in: "Ten bucks you've got? And Gershan's got the sweater in the window for sixteen? C'mon, kid, I'll buy you that sweater. Fork over."

I forked over happily, but Mr. Ruckow was against the whole idea. "Shame on you, Iggie. You're gonna let

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the boy throw out his only ten dollars?"

"Yeah, it's kind of crazy," said Iggie, "but it's Eddie's dough, and if he wants to blow it all in on a sweater, that's his business." He turned to me: "Now listen. *I'm* going to handle this deal. All *you've* got to do is to keep your trap shut. See?"

As Iggie, Phil, and I walked out, Mr. Ruckow relented slightly. "At least don't let him get stuck too bad, Iggie. He's Phil's friend."

We paused at Gershan's window so that Iggie could make a preliminary inspection of *Riviera*. "So that's the one, huh? Not bad," he said. "Now don't forget what I told you: not one word outa your mouth."

In the store, Gershan came forward with a welcoming smile. Iggie indicated me: "The kid wants a sweater, but his name isn't Morgan."

"If his name was Morgan, still he couldn't get better quality anywheres else," said Gershan, going to a rack. He came back with two large cardboard boxes, slapped them down on the counter, opened the first, and revealed *Nifty*. "Try it on, young man."

On the verge of bursting forth with a protest, I remembered instructions. I looked at Iggie. He said nothing, so I reluctantly pulled *Nifty* over my head. I didn't like the feel of it, but I remained obediently silent.

"Made for him!" said Gershan.

Iggie looked at the sweater the way a squirrel looks at an empty nutshell. He grinned sardonically at Gershan. "Now show us merchan*dice.*"

That slowed Gershan down. "This you don't call merchan*dice?*"

Iggie gave *Nifty* a sneer that made me love him. "Spinach you can buy in a vegetable store."

Gershan said, "I see I've got customers here tonight who know value, so I'm gunna show you the best in the house." He went to the rack and came back with *Riviera*.

I had it on in split-second time, and how it cuddled up to me! I went to the mirror, and looked at it from all angles. It was perfect; it was wonderful.

"Powerful shoulders, the boy's got," said Gershan.

But Iggie was not agreeing with him about anything. "He's a little round-shouldered, if you ask me."

"That's from studying hard," said Gershan. Before Iggie could comment disparagingly, Gershan asked me, "How's that sweater feel?"

"Swell!" I realized immediately I should not have said it. Iggie and Phil were both looking with scorn at me, for none of the Ruckows ever signified approval in the presence of the vendor.

Gershan followed through quickly. "Sure, it feels swell! No matter where you go, no matter how much you pay, you can't beat this number for material, workmanship, or style."

Iggie shrugged. "I'm not crazy about it, but the kid seems to like it. Now, *how much?*"

"It's marked for sixteen——"

Iggie cut in with a loud laugh in which Phil joined. So did I, but I did not get nearly so much sarcasm into mine.

"—But you can take it for fourteen," said Gershan.

Iggie did not even answer him. To me he said, "Take it off."

I wanted to offer the ten dollars—my ten dollars, but I had already pulled one boner, and I was not going to pull another. I understood Iggie's tactics, for I had seen him use them before; yet I hesitated to take off *Riviera*.

"Get a wiggle on you," said Iggie.

With misgivings, I took it off and laid it tenderly on the counter. Iggie, Phil, and I, in that order, started toward the door. I was worried. Would Gershan let us go out? We were within two paces of the door, when he brought that worry to an end. "Wait a minute, gents. Make an offer."

Iggie looked back over his shoulder. "If you want to talk business, quit kidding around. I'll give you five bucks."

I was embarrassed, for Iggie's offer seemed to me preposterous, shameless.

It was Gershan's turn to laugh.

"Six bucks, then," said Iggie.

"C'mon back a minute, and we'll talk it over sensible," said Gershan.

We came back, Iggie setting a slow pace.

"Make it thirteen, and I'll wrap it up for you," said Gershan.

"I thought you were going to talk sense," said Iggie.

"We're wasting time," said Phil.

I became bold. "Yeah, we're wasting time."

"Twelve," said Gershan.

"Eight," said Iggie.

"Eleven-fifty," said Gershan, easing the decline.

Iggie shook his head.

Gershan's smile was gone. "Eleven," he said angrily. "That's rock-bottom."

Iggie picked up the sweater and pointed out a broken thread. "Did you notice that? Some workmanship!"

That took all the steam out of Gershan. "You know how it is," he said with a hurriedly assembled smile. "It can happen in the best shops. Wait, I'll bring you a perfect one." He went back, and returned with another *Riviera*.

"Put it on—let's have a good look," said Iggie. On it went. With Phil's aid, Iggie went over every inch of it. Finally, he was satisfied there were no flaws. "Well, Mr. Gershan, you can wrap it up for eight-fifty."

"Ten-fifty," said Gershan.

"Sorry, but we can't afford it," said Iggie.

Gershan pondered for a few seconds. "Tell you what I'll do. I want you should go out of here a walking, talking advertisement for the Gershan Knitworks, so I'll give you that sweater for ten dollars—even. That's *ocean* bottom."

Iggie took time out to light a cigarette. The strain was too great for me. "Sold!" I said.

"I'll put it in a box," said Gershan.

As if I'd let him! The sweater stayed on me. I put my coat on over it. The sweater made the coat tight, and I was uncomfortable; nonetheless I was overjoyed. Iggie counted out the money, and I saw Gershan's hand tremble a little as he took it. Gershan was all in; Iggie was still fresh.

The moment we were outside, I cut loose. "Boy! Isn't it a honey? Thanks a lot, Iggie. Thanks."

Phil was proud of his brother. "Didn't I tell you he could get it cheap?"

"You called the turn, all right." I looked at Iggie again: he was frowning. Had I offended him? "Gosh, Iggie, you certainly did a lot for me," I said.

"Aaa, you didn't give me a chance to really do anything," he said.

"But you knocked the price down six bucks," I said.

Iggie gave me a sneer that matched the one he had given *Nifty*. "You just wasted my time, that's all. If you were ready to cough up ten bucks for that sweater, you didn't need me around."

"But I thought——"

"Yeah, you thought! With what?" said Iggie. "If you'd have kept your trap shut, like I told you, I'd have got you that sweater for nine-fifty."

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY EDWARD HORTON

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

In August we are apt to abandon work and go on vacation with a determination to become physically fit and mentally relaxed. In the latter we meet with amazing success. Our minds atrophy amid the simple demands of beach and mountain. Toward the end of the first week we find them balking at the most rudimentary tasks, as though threatening to desert us altogether. A disquieting phenomenon, this—one for which we prescribe "The Scribner Quiz." It is guaranteed to sharpen the mind without irritation, stimulate without shock, and inform with a minimum of pain.

For new readers, we add these directions for computing their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. (Subtract from 100 for your score.) *Answers on page 64*

1. If you suddenly found yourself sitting on the fuselage of an airplane 2000 feet aloft, you might be startled, but you should be aware that you were on:
(1) the steering rudder (2) one of the wings (3) the main body of the craft (4) the engine hood (5) the landing gear

2. In 1936 the total number of votes cast for all Presidential candidates was approximately:
(1)15,000,000 (2)25,000,000 (3)30,000,000 (4)45,000,000 (5)60,000,000 (6)75,000,000

3. A dealer in antique furniture only would not carry one of these pieces:
(1) Sheraton (2) Chippendale (3) Hepplewhite (4) Queen Anne (5) Duncan Phyfe (6) Wedgwood

4. Yes, the United States acquired the Philippines by:
(1) an Act of God (2) the conquest of war (3) outright purchase (4) voluntary joining

5. Ft. Riley, Kan., is noted today because it is the site of:
(1) the largest U. S. Army aviation school (2) the largest U. S. cavalry school (3) the largest U. S. veterans' hospital (4) Joe Louis' boyhood

6. "Easy on the collar!" is an old warning to bartenders:
(1) to dilute the next round of whiskey (2) to go easy on the beer-glass foam (3) to stop serving tipsy patrons (4) not to let the crowd get too noisy

7. The disease known as "the white plague" is more formally known as:
(1) meningitis (2) infantile paralysis (3) tuberculosis (4) cancer (5) diphtheria

8. All students going to Dartmouth College this fall must somehow arrange for their transportation to:
(1) Massachusetts (2) New Hampshire (3) New York (4) Vermont (5) Connecticut

9. Any butcher would laugh if you asked for a cut of meat from one of the animals to which it is linked here:
(1) sweetbreads—calf (2) spareribs—pig (3) filet mignon—lamb (4) veal cutlet—calf

10. Some have gone so far as to compare Hitler with Genghis Khan, who was:
(1) an 18th-century Turkish emperor (2) a 13th-century Mongol conqueror (3) the father of the prophet, Mohammed

11. The recent thrilling melodrama of the movies titled *Yellow Jack* deals with one of these subjects:
(1) a Chinese soldier in the current war (2) the fight against yellow fever in Cuba (3) a small tramp yellow dog (4) the U. S. Marines in China

12. Late in May of this year Secretary of Interior Ickes:
(1) became an Illinois senatorial candidate (2) married a girl 39 years his junior (3) resigned his Cabinet position

13. Right you are, turpentine *is* usually obtained from:
(1) the turpen bush of Central America (2) trees (3) clay deposits (4) asphalt (5) cattle (6) wells (7) tanks (8) birds

14. To test your alertness to current events, select the single false fact among the following:
(1) Emil Ludwig has recently written a biography of President Roosevelt (2) A U. S. golfer won the British Amateur (3) Ireland made peace with Great Britain (4) U. S. railroads are at last satisfied

15. "I've been pinked!" cried the:
(1) participant in the duel at dawn (2) hot dog as it was sewed at one end (3) race horse as he felt the jockey's whip (4) corset as it came out of the dye pot

16. Among these names there lies one which is not a temperature scale:
(1) Fahrenheit (2) Reaumur (3) Aureole (4) Centigrade

17. We have all heard of John Jacob Astor, but we aren't all certain as to which of these ways he founded his fortune:
(1) real estate (2) furs (3) tobacco (4) oil (5) liquor (6) lumber (7) politics

18. You'd be a septuagenarian too if you were as old as one of these persons:
(1) Cordell Hull (2) John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (3) Bernard Baruch (4) Sir Harry Lauder (5) William Gibbs McAdoo (6) Gertrude Stein

19. Persons afflicted with the ague are apt to mispronounce it. It should be:
(1) AY-gew (2) AY-gh (3) ah-GEW

20. In the 5th century B. C. the Greeks built a famous temple in Athens called:

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(1) the Parthenon *(2) the Coliseum*
(3) the Basilica *(4) the Pantheon*

21. To most Americans the Château Frontenac is best known as:

(1) the home of the Duke of Windsor
(2) a prominent hotel in Quebec
(3) a gambling resort in southern France
(4) a famous street of sin in New Orleans

22. Thornton Wilder should still be feeling happy over his:

(1) win at the 500-mile Indianapolis race
(2) award of the Pulitzer Play Prize
(3) appointment as Ass't. Sec'y of State

23. The "theme center" of the N. Y. World's Fair will be a trylon and perisphere, which are to most of us merely:

(1) a cube and a triangle
(2) a wine bottle and a beer keg
(3) a rectangle and a mammoth cube
(4) a spearlike tower and a huge ball

24. Each evening there is a massed flight of bats on a food foray in:

(1) Rockefeller Center, New York City
(2) Carlsbad Caverns National Park
(3) Mesa Verde Park
(4) Zion National Park
(5) Mammoth Cave National Park

25. If you were a silkworm, your favorite diet would be:

(1) old peace treaties *(2) silk stockings*
(3) rice *(4) rice cakes* *(5) mulberry leaves*
(6) bamboo shoots *(7) mint* *(8) tea leaves*

26. If your mother was an Inca, you should go back to.....sometime and visit all her relatives:

(1) California *(2) Peru* *(3) Mexico*
(4) Russia *(5) Louisiana* *(6) Egypt*

27. And not infrequently one of these continents is known as "the land astride the equator":

(1) North America *(2) South America*
(3) Australia *(4) Africa* *(5) Asia*

28. Most bivalves are found in:

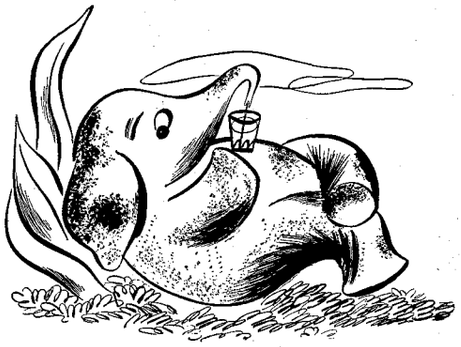
(1) garages *(2) engines* *(3) water*
(4) human bodies *(5) orchards* *(6) trumpets*

29. How many U. S. Presidents have been shot and killed while in office?

(1) one *(2) two* *(3) three* *(4) four* *(5) five*

30. If you were an elephant, you would get your water by:

(1) kneeling and drinking it like a cat
(2) absorbing it through your skin pores
(3) sucking through your nose into throat
(4) squirting it into mouth from nose



31. Those big green express-company automobile trucks which you see in most U. S. cities are owned by the:

(1) Wells Fargo Express Company
(2) Association of American Railroads
(3) Railway Express Agency, Inc.
(4) American Railway Express Company

32. Out of the entire group, only two were able to answer that Cain and Abel were:

(1) brothers of Adam slain by the Lord
(2) the cast-out sons of Elijah and Saul
(3) the sons of Adam and Eve
(4) the favorite brothers of Eve

33. One of these persons has the highest pitched voice:

(1) a tenor (2) a mezzo-soprano (3) a bass
(4) a contralto (5) a soprano (6) a baritone
(7) a woman shrieking she has been wronged

34. Complete this verse of Longfellow's: "Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, ... :

(1) "Groping blindly, like a mole!"
(2) "Was not spoken of the soul."
(3) "'Tis our Maker's only toll."
(4) "Life is good! Life is whole!"

35. You have heard Konrad Henlein's name mostly in connection with:

(1) the Nazis in Czechoslovakia
(2) the Boston Symphony Orchestra
(3) the Nazi movement in the U. S.
(4) a recent best-selling German novel

36. If you should mention Guadalajara to an Italian, it would doubtlessly bring up thoughts of:

(1) a favorite spaghetti-vegetable dish
(2) a battle defeat in the Spanish War
(3) a northern Italy loose-flowing cape
(4) a well-known Italian summer resort

37. When one travels on a transatlantic liner these days, the top class is usually called:

(1) first *(2) cabin* *(3) tourist*
(4) steerage *(5) tourist third* *(6) third*

38. Which one of these is a material widely used to make men's suits?

(1) gingham *(2) ticking* *(3) organdie*
(4) voile *(5) taffeta* *(6) gabardine*

39. In French history they call one of these men "the Tiger of France":

(1) Herriot *(2) Napoleon* *(3) Foch*
(4) Poincaire *(5) Clemenceau* *(6) Joffre*

40. Calaveras County, Calif., holds an annual jubilee inspired by Mark Twain's famous story and consisting mainly of:

(1) a jumping-frog contest
(2) a vegetable-garden festival
(3) practical jokes and practical jokers
(4) a display of oranges and orange products

41. A Sealyham is a nice dog and he is:

(1) silky-coated, long-tailed, and brownish
(2) short-legged, long-haired, and small
(3) thin, long-legged, and very fast
(4) spotted, small-eared, and long-legged

42. Letters addressed to friends in Singapore should have on the envelopes:

(1) India *(2) British West Indies*
(3) Ceylon *(4) Straits Settlement*
(5) British Guiana *(6) South China*

43. One of these statements about Louis Adamic, author of the recent book *My America*, is true:

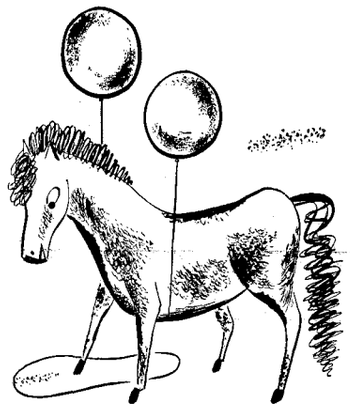
(1) He was born in Philadelphia
(2) He wishes he were living in Europe
(3) He loves the United States
(4) He writes considerable light fiction

44. "You may not have gone to college, Arthur," said his father, "but you certainly should be able to write out 1938 in Roman numerals!"

(1) MCMXXIII *(2) MMXCVII*
(3) MCMXXXVIII *(4) CCLVIII*
(5) CCCMMVVIII *(6) XXMCCVIII*

45. The International Date Line runs through:

(1) South America (2) Australia (3) Europe
(4) the Pacific Ocean (5) the Indian Ocean



46. The horse snorted indignantly; "I'll have you know," he said, "that when I get up from a reclining position I .....:

(1) arise with all four legs together!"
(2) arise with my front legs first!"
(3) arise with my two left legs first!"
(4) arise with my back legs first!"

47. If you were the French Ambassador to the U. S., your name would be:

(1) Constantin Fotich (2) Dr. C. T. Wang
(3) Elie Lescot *(4) Charles A. Davila*
(5) Le Comte de St. Quentin

48. In almost every land ..... is known as "The Waltz King":

(1) Guy Lombardo *(2) Johann Strauss*
(3) George Gershwin *(4) Victor Herbert*
(5) Mendelssohn *(6) Liszt* *(7) Bach*

49. DC 4 is the number-letter combination which stands for:

(1) a new giant Douglas transport
(2) the ancient chemical formula for oil
(3) any U. S. Navy lighter-than-air craft
(4) the mail address of the White House

50. If you were working side by side with Earl Browder, you would probably address him as:

(1) Your Highness *(2) Pal* *(3) Comrade*
(4) Brother *(5) Friend* *(6) Kiddo*

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don herold examines:

grouches

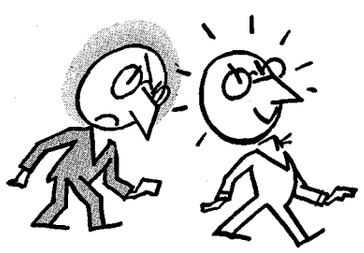
I have been experimenting with being grouchy and with being pleasant, alternately, here lately, and I find that the change, either way, calls for only a very slight shift in my mental attitude.

I can either start out in the morning to like things or to hate things, and it doesn't take much to swerve me toward one tangent or the other.

This discovery will no doubt make me a pleasanter person from now on, but I am not sure. If it is so easy to shift gears, I see no reason not to yield to grouches when they come. Being pleasant is pleasanter perhaps, but being grouchy is sometimes fun, also.

This discovery makes me more tolerant of people who grouch, and somewhat less respectful of perennially pleasant people. I once thought good-natured people were paragons of virtue, but I now know that they have merely focused their mental attitude about a quarter of an inch to the right or left.

I was discussing this with a friend of mine. He said that he used to love and despise his wife alternately for weeks at a time, and that he took either attitude



seriously at the time, but that he found that he could either love or despise his wife by starting out in the morning in one direction or the other and that the choice is very easy and only a matter of about a quarter of an inch shift in his point of view.

"My wife," he said, "is fundamentally a pretty nice person, so it isn't hard to like her if I don't let little things start me to hating her. She has, for example, a bad way of splitting infinitives and of laughing too loud at only fair jokes. Also, she sometimes gets sloppy with her hair. Now, I can either get sore at her for a week over such things, or I can, by a slight smothering of my sensibilities, let them roll off like rain off a roof. It's just a little trick, and I don't think, therefore, that the difference between loving my wife or hating her is anything for which I deserve great credit or great discredit. I can now understand great loves like that of Robert and Elizabeth Browning and I can also understand great marital hates resulting in divorces or hatchet murders. I am capable of either, by the mere twist of a spiritual lever a quarter of an inch."

I think I have something here, and I think it will help me to relax in my evaluation of my grouches or beamings when I feel them coming on. I won't regard either my glows or my glums with such righteousness, henceforth.

defeatists at 11

Frankly, or Franklinly, I am wondering about the future of a country in which, for eight or twelve years or more, all the growing boys are inevitably observing that if you succeed in excelling at one thing or another, you stand a very good chance of getting your ears slapped back.

Laugh all you wish at Horatio Alger. Say what you will about him. But the fact remains that Horatio Alger, not George Washington, was the father of this country. For several generations, the boys of this country, thanks largely to Horatio Alger, romanced ambitious perseverance and honesty and a desire to do something and get up in the world.

I wonder what they are romancing today.

I am afraid that governmental paternalism and governmental discouragement of initiative may be producing a nation of defeatists at 11.

Why strain? Why not just relax? God and Uncle Sam will care for you, no matter what happens. Just lie back and doze in the gentle arms of the Great Federal Father.

Parasitism is one of the most prevalent of human weaknesses. When a man succeeds eminently, twenty lazy relatives immediately attach themselves to his hull.

Are defeatism and parasitism the two great lessons we are giving American boys today?

I have a hunch that Horatio Alger is rotating in his grave, right now, like the cylinder of a music box.

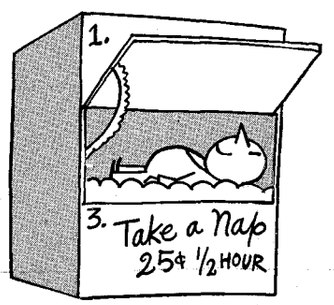
and naps

There are not enough places in this world in which to take short naps.

That's why I'm organizing Nap Nooks, Inc.

Nap Nooks, Inc. will try to satisfy the yearning we all have to doze off at unexpected moments in unexpected places.

We will have little tiers of private shelves or niches or bunks or Nap Nooks about the size of horizontal telephone booths. They will be something like cof-



fins, except that the lids will be hinged and will open on the side or end. They will open up in response to a twenty-five-cent coin, on the principle of those check-your-baggage cabinets in railroad stations.

We hope to have Nap Nooks in all drugstores, department stores, railroad stations, theater foyers, churches, symphony concert halls, lecture auditoriums, college classrooms, and underneath banquet tables in hotel banquet halls, and elsewhere.

Maybe we'll charge five cents for every ten minutes overtime.

We hope to install 3000 of our Nap Nooks at the Metropolitan Opera House.

On the top of each tier we will have a sign: "Doze in deze."

We are negotiating with Grover Whalen for Nap Nook installations at many places on the New York World's Fair grounds in 1939.

"Metered sleep when and where you want it," will be one of our mottoes. We will have lots of mottoes, for there is nothing like mottoes to induce drowsiness.

We are going to bring the siesta to America, and glorify the yawn.

It makes me sleepy, just to write about it.

Want to buy a few shares of Nap Nooks, Inc.?

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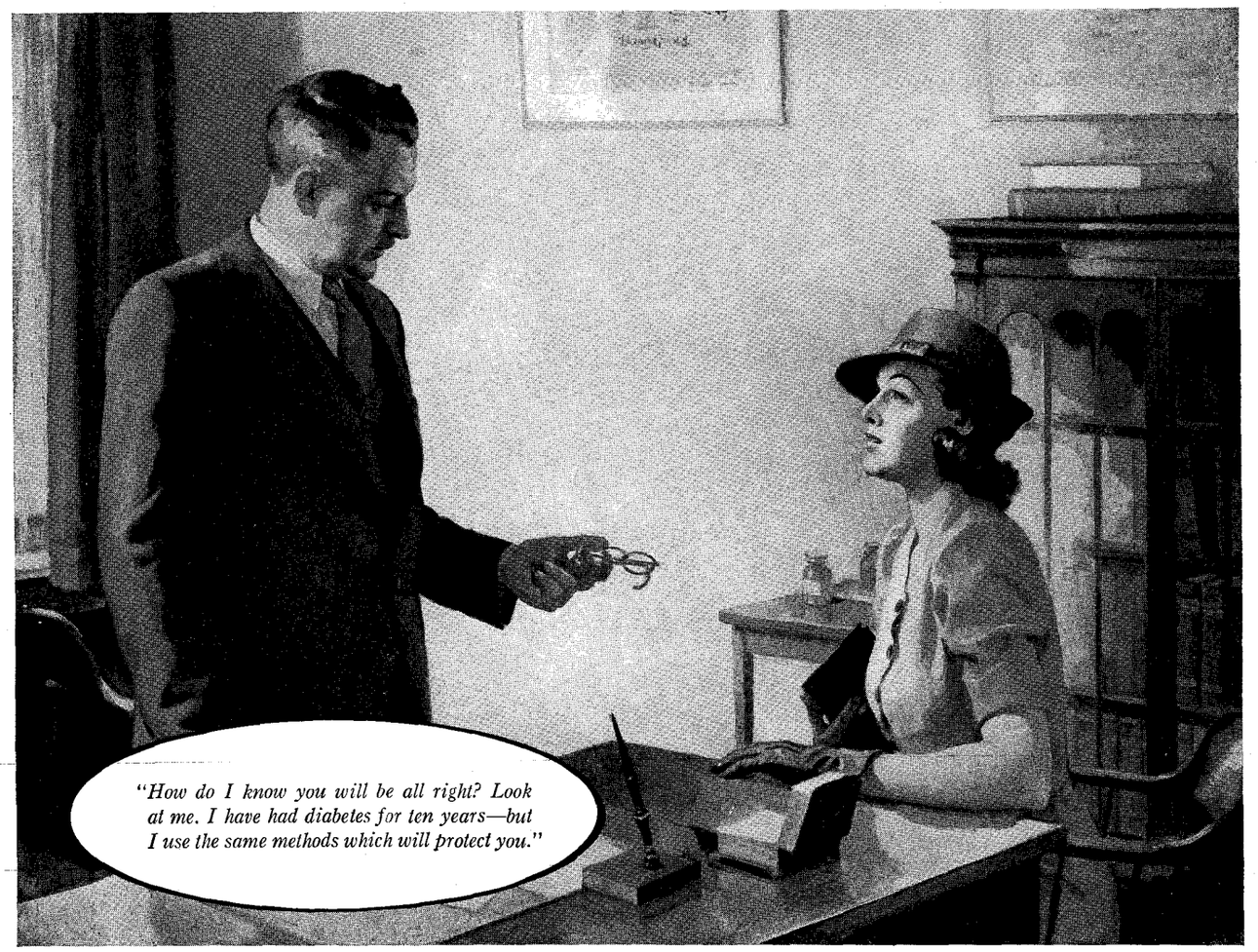
Few Doctors Die of Diabetes


"How do I know you will be all right? Look at me. I have had diabetes for ten years—but I use the same methods which will protect you."

Few doctors who have diabetes die of the disease. Why? Because they know how to keep it under control.

Insulin is the great modern defense against death from diabetes. It is now so dependable that many doctors feel justified in promising adult diabetic patients almost as long a life with the disease as without it. With insulin, a diabetic child can grow, study and play with other children on nearly even terms.

Diabetes is more frequent among middle-aged, overweight persons and those in whose family there is a history of the disease. But many people predisposed to diabetes may escape it by keeping underweight through correct diet and exercise.

A neglected mild case of diabetes is apt to become severe, while the severe case, carefully treated, usually does not progress. There are more than a hundred thousand persons in this country with mild diabetes who need insulin but do not take it. Many of these diabetics prefer to risk the consequences rather than have three or four injections of insulin each day. They no longer have this reason for endangering their lives.

A new form of insulin—protamine insulin—injected once daily is effective in treating the majority of mild cases—and at first most cases are mild.

Many unnecessary deaths among diabetics are the result of coma or infections. They might be avoided if the doctor's orders regarding insulin, diet and exercise are heeded.

The usual reward for obedience to the doctor's orders is added years of comfort and of life. Doctors know this, and that is why few of them die of diabetes.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" which tells some of the symptoms and describes how to guard against the disease. Address Booklet Department 838-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Murder Is a Fact

(continued from page 24)

But Potter had been dismissed months ago. Julia might know where he could find Potter. He signaled a waiter, gave the man a five-dollar bill, and walked out into the damp, chill street, the mist thickening once more in his mind.

He sought to clarify it—by crystallizing it in some clean focus to control and precipitate it—and found himself balked, until inevitably his imagination coursed back to that August night on Flint's terrace. In his frustration, it seemed to him that from that night dated all the confusion and perplexity in his present world. Like a combing divide, that night struck upward to shut him off from the peace which lay beyond it, behind him, irretrievably behind him. On that night Norton had been killed, on that night Flint had laid siege to Monica, on that night Danisher had disappeared and Lynch Rains had walked into the latticed shadow of bars, on that night Julia Norton and Flint's chauffeur . . .

Henderson swerved to the curb abruptly, leaped out, and went into a drugstore, his eyes smoldering. Strange how easily he remembered the number she had given him.

Thirty minutes later he stepped out of an elevator in one of the Waldorf towers and touched a button beside a door. The door opened, and Julia, delight rippling in her voice, was saying, "Baird! How marvelous your calling and coming in like this. I was about to weep from sheer boredom."

As he entered the room, passing close to her, he breathed the sharp pungence of the scent she always wore, the scent which had before been subtly repellent to him. Now he was aware, swiftly, insistently, of the full-bodied, feral urgency thinly concealed beneath its almost metallic sheen.

She closed the door and stood for a moment, her hand on the knob, color flowing beneath the translucent bronze of her cheeks, her pointed breasts, modeled by the silken gold of her fitted house coat, rising.

She said, "Well?"

Henderson's nostrils moved. "Shall we go somewhere, Julia? I'm at loose ends, too."

She said, "You're a darling," softly, and came toward him, her mouth smiling sullenly, her eyes sultry.

There was a harshness in Henderson's throat as he held her, his hands hot against the sheer stuff of her gown, against her curving back, her soft parted lips seeking his.

When she had gone to dress, wrath flamed in him, wrath and instant fear because he had come to her this way. The fear, however, was less directed outward than inward upon the imperceptible treacherous springs of his own behavior, and to deaden the fear he found himself picturing the nervous, artificial carnality of night clubs he knew.

They returned to the hotel a little after four. Her maid admitted them to the suite, and as they entered, the girl said respectfully, "Mr. Flint called, madame."

Henderson's mind snapped, and he was aware on the instant why he had come. That revelation had an immediately sobering effect. Coolly he contemplated the best way to accomplish what he wanted, helping her off with her wrap, touching the smooth whiteness of her shoulders with his fingertips.

The maid brought glasses, a siphon, and a squat bottle of King's Ransom; then she went to her own room in another part of the hotel. Julia lay back against the cushions of the deep bisque couch, kicked off her gold pumps, and ruffled her hair, yawning at Henderson, who was busy at the tray.

"Come here," she said drowsily.

Henderson measured whiskey deliberately. He asked, "Julia, do you remember the migraine Hugh had the night we were all at his house?"

Her lazily massaging fingers were suddenly still. After a moment she said, "Um."

Henderson held the siphon and looked at her. Suspicion lay already in her sleepy eyes. Henderson, aware that he had bungled by not going to her first, disarming her before he led up to it, knew that it was too late now, and came at once to the crucial question.

"Was the blind up in Hugh's room?"

"What are you driving at?" she asked.

"Do you remember?"

"This is a hell of a time."

"Do you?"

She sighed, moved her shoulders deeper into the soft cushions. "Um."

"Was it open?"

"Unh-hunh. Why?"

Whiskey splashed as Henderson's hand slipped. "I just wondered."

He carried the glasses to the couch, handed her one. She motioned for him to sit beside her. Henderson, looking down, his mouth drooping, shook his head. "Night cap," he said easily. "I'm a working man."

Her eyes opened wide. She said, "That's a lie. You and Hugh never worked on Wednesday in your life."

Henderson sat down. Her hand rose, hesitated. The fingers smoothing his hair were shy. Something in that uncertain touch made him suddenly conscious of the trickery he was practicing on her, and he hated himself.

"By the way, Julia," he said, keeping his voice casual, "I need a chauffeur. I wanted to ask——"

"I'll drive for you," she said lazily. "I'll drive for you anywhere."

He laughed, touched the tip of her nose. "Do you know where Potter is?"

"Um."

"How could I find him, I mean?"

"Baird," she said petulantly, her hand on his head urgent.

He looked at his watch. "I must go, Julia. Really."

"Don't be this way."

"Then tell me."

"Tell you what, darling?"

"How I can find Potter."

She squinted at him, wrinkled her nose. "You're funny."

"I've a passion to get him. I've been trying to trace him," he lied.

"If I tell you——"

"Tell me." The absurdity of the play struck him, and he wanted to laugh. Yet, Potter could tell him . . .

"Through the Mason Agency," she said. "That's how we got him. I don't know—*Baird!*"

He took her hand, kissed it lightly, laid it on the couch, and rose.

"Thanks, my dear. I meant it, Julia. I've a day before me."

Sullenly she watched him put on his coat, ignored his good night.

Just as he closed the door, Henderson heard the glass crash against it.

XXVI

Even during the brief hours of uneasy sleep, Henderson's mind circled about one imperative point which Julia's confirmation of the suspicion he had struggled against made suddenly luminous and inescapable. As he showered and dressed next morning, he went over its implications coldly, reflectively.

As soon as he reached the office, he called the Mason Employment Agency,

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learned that Potter was now employed at an estate near Rye. He put in a call for Potter, and to his astonishment was immediately successful. Potter remembered repairing the tire, yes. The tube had been pinched, and a hole rubbed in it.

So the damage to the tire had been genuine, and Norton's act unposed. That meant—there was no shred of doubt in Henderson's mind now—that Norton had had assistance. Someone riding with him? Someone casually encountered on the road as Norton walked homeward to summon Potter?

Danisher had been in the neighborhood that night. Danisher had disappeared. Yet only yesterday another letter—the fourth—had come from Danisher. Addressed to Flint, it had unaccountably been mixed in Henderson's own mail and opened by his secretary. Typed, mailed from South Boston, its tone differed not at all from the three which had preceded it.

Since it was Wednesday, *Fact's* offices were all but deserted, only a skeleton clerical staff being on duty after the climax of Tuesday's closing-day rush. Henderson went to Flint's secretary.

"Sellars," he asked, "do you have the letters from Danisher—the ones that have come since he disappeared?"

"They're in the vault, Mr. Henderson. We had them photostated, though. I can give you a set of the photostats."

Henderson returned to his own office with the four stiff photostats, suspicion darting in his mind now like a caged wasp. He sat down, placed the carbon paper over a sheet of flimsy, and laid one of the photostats on the carbon paper. With the blunt point of a paper knife as stylus he carefully traced the signature, *George Danisher*.

He put the photostat aside, took another, traced its signature on another sheet of flimsy. Not until he had repeated the operation on all four, using a different flimsy for each, did he lay the paper knife down. He had spaced the tracings differently, so that when he assembled the four tissue sheets and held them to the light, he could bring all the signatures into place by adjusting the overlapping edges individually.

The result was glaringly apparent at first glance, but Henderson fussed with the papers until not the least doubt could remain.

Save for infinitesimal waverings caused by his cramped fingers, the four signatures showed sharply as one.

A chiseled inscription on a tombstone could have been no more conclusive.

Though he had expected this, the impact left Henderson suddenly numb.

Norton had been opposed to the development of *Fact-On-The-Air*. Over Norton's opposition, Flint could never have proceeded with this, his most passionate ambition, this plan on which he was willing to stake everything. *Fact-On-The-Air* was now within a few weeks of completion, and Flint had said . . .

What had Flint said?

Henderson heard the words as clearly as though they were being spoken aloud: *"Here is what Phil and I were planning.*

Mrs. Norton said, "I can still take it," and tried to smile

You and I are going through with it. We're going to make it a monument to Phil . . ."

With the memory came a momentary vertigo as if some essential co-ordinate in his personal space had shifted.

Yet what was to be done?

What?

XXVII

On Friday morning, Henderson, stepping from the elevator into *Fact's* mural-splashed waiting room a little after nine, encountered two telephone linemen, bags and coiled wire slung from their shoulders.

"Trouble?" he asked sharply.

The taller of the two, a gangling, leather-faced youngster, shook his head. "Putting in a line."

Henderson started past them. Then just as the indicator clinked and a down-bound car slid open, he turned. "What line?" he demanded.

"Down to the Rains trial," the slim lineman answered, and the elevator closed behind them.

The sharp-faced boy at the information desk said, "I think Mr. Flint ordered it last night, Mr. Henderson."

A moment later Henderson burst into Finley Allen's book-heaped office and seized the Literary Editor's phone. "Get me the office manager."

Finley Allen, to whom a typewriter was the instrument of Beelzebub, looked up from the pad over which his fat fingers were steering an outsize pencil. His mild, magnified eyes were disapproving. "Fine way to muddy up the Pierian Spring," he grumbled.

"Scott," Henderson said sharply, "I hear there was a new line installed this morning. Where—" He listened a moment and jammed the telephone back into its cradle. He stared down at Finley Allen's Buddha-like curiosity. "Hugh's had a direct wire to the Criminal Courts Building put in. Roman Holiday," he said bitterly.

"Why?"

"Are we publishing a scandal sheet with a run every half-hour?" Henderson demanded.

"Where is that wire?" Allen said. "I'd like to keep track, myself."

Henderson looked at him a moment. "In Hugh's office," he said sharply, and went out.

Even the telegram which came from Monica in Albany, asking him to meet her train that evening, failed to cool Henderson's simmering rage. An early edition of the *Telegram,* brought back by his secretary after lunch, caught his eye.

"Prosecution Demands Chair," he read. He picked up the paper, his eyes running down the double-column story.

". . . summing up before the jury, shouted, 'If this man's powerful position causes you to hesitate in imposing the death penalty, you will be contributing

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to the certain collapse of everything which free Americans hold dear . . .' At this point the prosecutor was warned by the Court to restrict his remarks to the evidence. . . . 'This man is a Democratyrant, who, masquerading as a legitimate labor leader, would stop at nothing to . . .'"

Henderson's temper shortened as the afternoon wore on, and once, quite contrary to his wont, he flashed out in instant fury at a teletype operator on whose machine he had caught a minor error of phrasing.

"Another mistake like that, and there'll be a new man at this printer," he said furiously, and at once wondered what he himself was doing there, spying on the operator. He walked away, chagrined, and a few minutes later left the offices.

Why did he not act?

He told himself viciously that he was a forceless dawdler. Yet, others—the police, Rains' legal staff, Flint's detectives—these had access to all that he knew. The letters from Danisher had been made public; the open window above Flint's terrace from which the lane was visible its entire length below the sloping meadows; they knew all that he himself knew. After all, what proof was there that Rains had not killed Norton? Explosive passion lay back of the man's square, dark-browed impassivity. Had Henderson not seen that passion burst at Flint? He walked faster.

XXVIII

He had rationalized himself into a species of resignation by the time he entered Grand Central at eight o'clock to meet Monica's train. Yet the lifting eagerness that should have filled him at the prospect of seeing her again did not come. He thought of how Flint had come between them that other time he had waited here in the great polished room with its distant constellations overhead.

His heart leaped, nonetheless, when he saw her coming toward him, her green *tailleur* a pert anticipation of spring, its pleated skirt swinging to her swift stride, daffodil blouse colorful at her throat, coat negligently over her arm in the warm night. So instantly desirable was she that Henderson's voice jammed as he caught her hands, looking hungrily into her gray-green eyes. But she shook her head when he would have drawn her to him. She disengaged her hands, straightened the heather topcoat over her arm.

He said, "I thought you wanted to see me."

"I did, Baird." She smiled quickly and was serious again. "Come. Where we can talk."

They walked down the long shining passage to the Roosevelt and into the bar where they sat on a red-leather bench near the window, Henderson's bloodshot eyes leaping up angrily at the waiter who came at once for their order.

When they were alone, she said, "Baird, I'm certain Lynch Rains didn't kill Norton."

"Why?" shortly.

"Partly intuition, partly a theory that's so fantastic I'm ashamed of it. But it haunts me."

"Where have you been?" he asked suddenly.

She hesitated, looked up as the waiter returned with their glasses. She said, "Mine's the Tom Collins," when he would have given her whiskey. The man shifted the glasses and went away.

"Do you remember," she asked intensely, "what you told me about Norton and Hugh Flint that night at Flint's, Baird?"

He said, "No," gruffly, his strained nerves twitching as he realized with a shock what she was pointing toward. "What?" he asked, when she did not speak at once.

"You said that they divided control of Fact, Incorporated, between them, and that if Norton objected to one of Flint's schemes—the labor articles by Rains, for instance—he could stop them."

Henderson set his glass down, his throat dry despite the whiskey that had just washed it. "Yes?"

"And you said that it was unlikely Norton had actually ordered the articles stopped, but that . . ."

He looked at her sharply when she hesitated. "What are you driving at?"

"This." She leaned forward, her eyes hot. "You said — remember — 'Hugh might have given in *as a concession of some kind.*'"

"Perhaps I did." Henderson's pulse was quickening, a new anger rising within him.

"Do you know whether Phil Norton favored the gamble of *Fact-On-The-Air?*" she asked, point-blank.

Henderson's hand jerked. He said irritably, "Of course he did."

"You know?"

In spite of himself, Henderson's eyes were drawn to hers.

"You know?" she repeated.

"No." He added slowly, "I don't."

Her expression changed abruptly. "Then you have thought of the same thing?" she challenged.

"I've thought of damned little else for a week," he said bitterly.

She caught his arm. "Norton *was* opposed to the scheme, then?"

"I think he was."

"Why?"

"Clark Malory mentioned it to me at Christmas. I thought then he was making it up."

"But now you're sure he wasn't?"

"Pretty sure," Henderson said. "But it's hearsay evidence."

"But——"

"Do you want to wreck the whole thing?"

"What do you mean?" Monica asked.

"The most you can hope to establish is the motive. That's a very small part. If you tip him off, before you've any other evidence, you'll have him on his guard."

"There *is* other evidence."

"What?"

"Those letters from Danisher," Monica said. "They are forgeries."

Henderson frowned.

"Not half a dozen people know it," she said swiftly. "No one seems to know where the originals are, but the prosecution has a set of photostats, and Molloy on the *Telegram* told me they've proved that the signatures were all traced from one genuine sample. Molloy says only one other *Times* man knows it, and the prosecutor's office hasn't leaked."

Henderson asked dully, "What if they are?"

"Someone wrote those letters as a blind."

"It could have been a blind for Rains."

She drew back. After a moment she said, "You don't believe that?"

"Why not?"

"What reason would Rains have had for killing Phil Norton?"

"You heard what he said on the air that night."

Her hand jerked angrily. "That wasn't the speech of a murderer."

"It was the speech of a passionate man—a man who hated Norton," Henderson said.

She started to speak, checked herself sharply.

They did not talk of the murder again, nor did they mention Rains' trial. Only when they were in a cab on the way to her apartment did Monica say suddenly, "You asked me where I've been. I've been trying to trace those letters, Baird. I had Molloy make me a list of the places and dates they had been mailed. All of those places are within three hundred miles of New York." She

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hesitated. "*And none of them was mailed when Flint was abroad.*"

Because this openly voiced suspicion rasped into sharp teeth his own sense of futility, Henderson said roughly, "Don't be ridiculous."

He left her at the door and went home, his eyes burning, the pulsing ache in his head an endless rebuke.

XXIX

AGAIN he slept but a feverish four hours, and got up at last, unrelaxed, the taste of sleeplessness dry and bitter in his mouth, his eyes red, his hand unsteady as he poured himself a drink.

Drawn by a fascination he could not resist, he went, after a hurried, unpalatable breakfast, to the vicinity of the Criminal Courts Building, saw the extra details of police keeping traffic and passersby moving, watched knots of men gather here and there to be dispersed and fall back to clot again at another corner. Silent men, for the most part, men with angry eyes and hard jaws.

A pressman in a white paper cap and ink-stained apron stepped out of a nearby printing shop and stood beside Henderson, watching.

"Ain't that a crime?" the pressman asked bitterly.

Henderson looked at him. "What?"

"Railroading Lynch Rains to the chair."

"Why railroading?" Henderson asked sharply.

The other, who had spoken unconsciously, looked at Henderson critically, took in his expensive brown tweed, his De Pinna tie, his Phi Beta Kappa key. "What kind of a name *you* got for it?" he asked.

Several men, moving slowly along the sidewalk, stopped, surrounded them, listening.

"If you think the trial's dishonest, why don't you go and tell the Court?" Henderson demanded.

"Wise guy!" someone behind him taunted.

Henderson swung on the critic, a short, bowlegged Irishman with red hair and fierce eyes.

"Sure, whyn't you go an' tell the Court?" the Irishman parroted.

"They're framing him," another said hotly.

Others, drifting along the street, stopped and surrounded them. The little Celt, emboldened by the gallery, stepped toward Henderson. "Say Lynch Rains killed that guy," he challenged shrilly. "Say it, once. Come on. *Say* it."

"Move on," a voice said roughly. Two policemen shouldered into the group. It broke up, the men straggling down the street. The pressman in the paper cap went back into his shop.

One of the patrolmen nodded at Henderson, who had not moved. He said amiably, "God-amighty, you'd think they was burning him already, wouldn't you?" and walked on past, swinging his nightstick.

When he arrived later at the office, his secretary followed him into the inner room. Henderson dropped down at the desk, gritted his teeth, and stared at the man. "Well, what?"

"Three men from the promotion staff were in a little while ago, Mr. Henderson. They demanded to see you."

Henderson frowned and blinked his hot eyes. "They what?"

"They demanded to see you."

"Demanded to—? What about?"

"I really don't know, Mr. Henderson."

Henderson's mouth tightened. "Call them in."

A moment after Lord had gone out of the room, the dictograph at the side of Henderson's desk spoke. "Mrs. Norton is on the wire, Mr. Henderson."

He picked up the phone, said sharply, "Yes, Julia . . . Oh, Mrs. Norton, I'm sorry. I thought it was Julia . . . No, I'm sorry, I won't have time today, Mrs. Norton . . . Monday? Perhaps. May I call you . . . Very well."

The door opened as he replaced the phone. The leader of the delegation, Cook, was nervous, middle-aged, with furrows about his mouth and sharp nose. The other two, Weller and Houston, lads not long out of college, entered Henderson's office behind Cook and looked serious.

"What is it, Cook?" Henderson motioned to chairs, but the trio remained standing. Immediately conscious of the metallic brusqueness of his question, he was embarrassed.

"It's the two men who were fired Thursday. You discriminated against them."

Henderson frowned. "Discriminated? I don't even know who were let go, Cook. They were the last to be hired, weren't they?"

"Like hell, they were."

"No, Mr. Henderson," Weller answered firmly. "I was the last one to be hired in the department. There were two more ahead of me in seniority before——"

"Then there must be some mistake," Henderson interrupted, anxious to be rid of the truculent Cook. "I told the auditor that where there had to be dismissals seniority was to be——"

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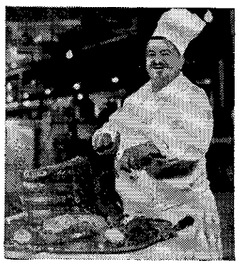

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"Like hell you did," Cook broke in angrily. "You ordered those two fired, Henderson, and you know damn well you did. You're going to take them back or else——"

"Or what?" Henderson snapped.

"Or *Fact* won't publish a page until you do."

Henderson, his head throbbing, rose and walked toward Cook. The other, mistaking his intent, stiffened, clenched his fists.

"You're threatening a strike, Cook?"

"If you don't take those two back, we are, yes."

Out of the pause, Houston said, "One of them was supporting a blind brother, Mr. Henderson."

"Why does anybody have to be fired?" Weller asked.

Henderson said slowly, enunciating the words as a man in the first stages of drunkenness might, "Because the budget in the promotion department is inflated, Weller. That is why."

"Did we inflate it?" Cook demanded.

"No, Cook."

"But we have to take the rap for your mistakes? Is that it, Henderson?"

"I can't see that anyone is taking——"

"Being fired out on your tail when there aren't any jobs to be——"

"I suppose that is my fault, too, Cook?"

"It's the fault of men like you," Cook shouted. "How much've you cut your own salary? How much has Flint cut his take? Not a cent. But because these two men are fighting for a living wage and decent hours and they've got guts enough to come out in the open and fight, you have to crucify them like any filthy exploit——"

The room reeled. Until he had struck, until he was cupping the sharp pain of his knuckles in his other palm wonderingly, Henderson was unconscious of what had happened in the second that the fog closed down.

Then, for a brilliant lucid instant, he saw Cook on the floor at his feet, saw the blood trickling from the man's mouth, the look that was not anger or hurt or hate, but only a blank, patient surprise.

When Weller and Houston had helped Cook to his feet and the three had left, Henderson sat at his desk, touching his aching knuckles, trying to think . . . trying to remember . . .

With an effort like that of a man in a dream who must throw off a vast weight before he can move his limbs, he regarded the telephone for a long time. At last he found the instrument in his hand. "Tell Mr. Wheelwright I want to see him," he said thickly.

When he saw that he was still holding the telephone, he made his hand replace it, and Arthur Wheelwright, the auditor, was standing in the door.

Henderson leaned forward on his desk, steadying himself with his elbows. "Arthur," he said slowly, "the two men in the promotion department, they—" (*They what? They what?*)

"They what?"

"They were—fired, Arthur."

"Yes," shortly.

(*Did Wheelwright see how drunk he was? But he was not drunk, for he always got sick when he was drunk. Sick . . . There, the nausea was coming . . .*)

"Why were they—fired—Arthur?" (*He would be sick now when Wheelwright answered.*)

"Hugh sent up word," sharply.

(*But he must not be sick until he had said . . .*)

"They are to be rehired, Arthur. They are to be rehired they are tobe rehired theyaretobe . . ."

(*There—and there—and there—and . . .*)

XXX

It was dusk when he awoke, but whether the dusk of night or morning he did not know. As wakefulness came reluctantly, he rose at last and stumbled across the room to his desk and turned on the light. His fingers tugged at the collar which was constricting his throat. He saw that he was dressed, even to shoes. There was stain on his shoes. His hat lay on the floor beside the bed. Henderson stared at the hat for a long time. Then his eyes moved to the clock by the telephone, where through a slot there showed an abstract day and date. Performing a labored inference, he knew that only three hours had passed. It was seven o'clock. He rubbed his cheek and tried to remember. But beyond that final nauseous disgrace when he had staggered retching to his feet and stumbled out into the corridor, nothing precipitated out of the cloudy confusion that should have been memory.

As if the catharsis of that brutal experience were so sweeping that no emotion whatever remained to him, he sat, unmoving, staring at the vapid clock-face until the bell rang.

The sharp impact of the doorbell startled him, made his heart pound grotesquely.

When Henderson opened the door, Flint stood for a moment, anger etched in his narrow face, and then strode into the room. He said, "Haven't you any sense, Baird?"

Henderson walked to the table, picked up a pipe, and began to fill it. The texture of the pouch and the solid granules as his fingers tamped them into the bowl were like familiar markers in a landscape into which he had stumbled by a strange route.

"I've put up with everything I can, Baird," Flint went on, his tone strangled with passion. "This afternoon was the end."

Henderson nodded. "I was going to tell you that myself, Hugh."

"What in God's name got into you?"

"Cook touched off something I didn't know——"

"To hell with Cook. I mean telling Arthur to rehire those two agitators. Have you gone completely crazy?"

Henderson looked at him steadily. "Not completely." He applied flame to the pipebowl, drew the acrid, clarifying fumes deep into his lungs. He exhaled, looked again at Flint. "I've been going crazy for several months, Hugh. It took an episode like this to prove it to me. I've been going crazy, Hugh, just as you have. Only it stayed closer to the surface in me."

Flint scowled. "What do you mean? Just as I have?"

Henderson hesitated. Tension between them became a field of explosive force.

"A whole complex set of forces established the conditions for good editorship at *Fact* years ago," Henderson said slowly. "Because I sensed what those conditions were, I consciously developed a dual personality, became two persons. As one of those persons I worked for you, did a job into whose meaning I did not inquire too closely. As the other person I disassociated myself from *Fact,* stood aside with a sort of pragmatic indifference, criticized you, criticized Phil, criticized *Fact,* criticized myself, of course. But because you and Phil were responsible for *Fact,* that last did not trouble me greatly.

"I called myself a liberal. I *was* a liberal. I had a colorless vocabulary with which to express what can only be expressed in words slashed with passion—and the one time in my life that I've needed desperately to act I've been helpless.

"To that extent I fell under the spell of *Fact.* But because I could step from one personality to the other when chagrin threatened, I got along fairly well. Then all at once I couldn't step out of *Fact* any more. My right hand could no longer play with ideas and give me a specious sense of living the life of reason, because I had to use both hands constantly on the machinery of *Fact.*

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Vacation

SOMEWHERE a steel fish-hook is catching the fickle trout. Over some woodland campfire the flapjacks are browning in the stainless frying pan.

At Deal, New Jersey, steel bulkheads protect the beach from the erosive tides. Modern steel steamships are carrying tycoons and students to hunt grouse and old manuscripts. The ripple of the steel canoe whispers in the stillness of an Adirondack lake, while at Carmel-by-the-Sea someone strums the steel strings of a guitar.

It's vacation time, and steel goes with you. Bethlehem builds steel staterooms, bridges, and metal bands for old oaken buckets. If you deplore this present age and renounce it with Thoreau, we can make the steel for the axeheads which will be needed in your wilderness.

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"The conditions determining the editorship of *Fact* bore down on me so relentlessly that I no longer had an escape. Do you know what those conditions are, Hugh? They are the same conditions as determine a successful hack portraitist: maximum fidelity to flattering features and minimum of independent thought. It *is* a type of insanity, Hugh; an insane man believes fervently that the figures and dimensions he sees—in which he sees the *facts*—are the figures and dimensions that things really have, and that he is telling you about it truthfully. He *must* believe that or he would suddenly go sane."

"You always were a muddle-headed idealist, Baird." Flint made a flat derisive gesture. "Well, what are you going to do?"

The pipe suddenly trembled as Henderson took it from his lips. "I'm going to know who killed Phil."

Flint's manner changed. He drew a sharp breath. "I know what you think, Baird." He checked himself abruptly, and then continued, "What if it *was* Julia?" He paused, eyed Henderson sharply. "What if it *was* Julia whom Phil met that night? Can you prove it? Can anyone prove it? Can any good come from confusing matters and——"

"Clearing Rains' name?"

"There is conclusive evidence against Rains," Flint said rapidly. "If there weren't, I'd be the first to demand his release. Rains is a dangerous influence, Baird. Rains is a demagogue. The only way such men can be restrained is by force. As long as any doubt at all remains about his innocence, the ends of a more fundamental justice demand——"

"His death."

Flint hesitated. He stood just beyond the yellow cone of light. Even in the shadows, Henderson could see how the splotches of red deepened in his narrow cheeks. When Flint spoke, his voice was casual, quiet. "Which is the greater injustice, Baird? That one man should die, or that thousands of men should be driven by his selfishness and hatred and ambition and fanaticism to destroy not only themselves and their fancied enemies, but the very order and decency that *is* justice?"

XXXI

THE offices were empty. For that Henderson was grateful. Despite the objective relief he felt to have it settled, he could not escape a certain human chagrin as he opened for the last time the paneled room that had been Norton's and then had been his. But when he had cleared the desktop and winnowed the truck in its drawers, a feeling of incompleteness assailed him. Was there no more than this to show? Could a man live actively and work within a room for six months and leave no more traces of his occupancy than these few trinkets, these scattered scribblings?

He thought of the ranked files outside the door by his secretary's desk. He was unaccustomed to them. It took him time to find the proper keys, and when he had unlocked the cabinets, the profusion of their contents appalled him. Lord, his secretary, would have known at once where to look, what desert stretches to skim over, what dockets to examine, what to ignore.

Exploratively he dipped here and there at first. His own material was mixed with that of the dead Norton as if realia of two cultures in uneasy sands had lost their ordered cleavage and amicably mingled. Despair seized him at the enormity of picking through the whole mass, inch by inch, drawer after drawer. Yet a determination to leave no loose ends raveling after him when he departed drove him on.

He sat down and began at the first drawer. The bulk throughout was Norton's. Apparently Norton's secretary had been a magpie, for the most obscure and trivial memoranda reposed here pressed between contracts, agreements, and documents whose importance was attested by their heads, by the signatures attached.

He went through, item by item, his memoranda to Flint, reading with unsmiling eyes those which betrayed naïvely his newness and unsureness in the autumn. Some were misfiled, out of chronological order, so that running through them as he was doing gave a curious zigzag effect: "Suggest changing distribution medium in Canada," he had written on September 30. The next sheet, bearing the date December 1, was a copy of a letter to Flint in Bucharest and concerned a spring promotion campaign. The next was headed October 15: "About offset costs . . ." Many of Norton's were mixed in, adding to the sense of time confusion. He came to a series of his own, and in the midst of these, found another of Norton's. Looking at it, some automatic mnemonic machinery clicking within him, he felt a shock. It was dated Wednesday, August 18 . . . Phil had been dead many hours when it was written. But that was quite possible. A secretary, coming in early, had found a rack of dictaphone cylinders filled before Norton left the night before, and had transcribed— But no— Henderson remembered Clark had transcribed the cylinders that Tuesday night. So this accounted for the youth's saying that— So it had been true, after all; here was the proof that it was true: "Must repeat emphatically my dislike of radio scheme. Later, when we've consolidated. The boom won't last. We mean to go on after it collapses. Absolutely refuse to mortgage *Fact* to bankers at this time, that is final." The words were like a ringing bell. They were—*they were his own words.* Almost syllable for syllable. It was like a violent momentary schizophrenia to find them mutely reposing here. So impelling was the sense of split unreality, that not at once did he realize that he held in his hand at last the proof for which he had been searching, that his memorandum established conclusively Norton's opposition to the gigantic scheme into which Flint had plunged at once after the other's death.

But not conclusively.

It must be identified beyond any doubt. Again his eyes leaped to the date. The evening before, they had flown out to Long Island in Flint's amphibian, and in the Chatham Bar, where Flint had invited them, Clark Malory had said he must go back and get out Norton's dictation!

This was how the boy had known. Clark could identify this memorandum, could assert its authenticity beyond any lurking doubt. With the memorandum, a motive would be defined—a motive brilliantly high-lighted, from which, bit by bit, the whole careful fabrication of the rest might be traced.

He signed out in the lobby of the building and walked into the street, to be amazed at its somnolence. He looked at his watch. It was ten minutes after four. He had gone into the building a little after eight the night before.

XXXII

WHEN he had eaten, he sat for a few minutes in the suds-scented cafeteria and watched the rhythmic sweeps of the mop advancing across the white tiles. He would go to Cambridge, stop in on Malory, bring him back to New York if necessary lest there be a slip . . .

His thoughts flew to Monica. He made his way to a phone booth and called her, telling her guardedly of the memorandum, of his mission to Cambridge to get Malory, promised to telephone her as he returned with the boy so that she could meet them.

After he reached the garage, it took a quarter of an hour for a grumbling mechanic to shift the crowded trucks and clear a lane for his car. Then, draw-

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ing up in the street, he waited for the man to wheel a handcart across the dewy sidewalk and fill the gasoline tank. Henderson stood by, watching the operation, impatient to be gone.

His casual scrutiny brushed over the Cord's lines, the sleek black cowl and raffish top, the gleaming wire wheels, an absurd affectation in this day of steel——

Henderson frowned, walked toward the car, knelt at the left front wheel, still frowning. One spoke was duller than the others. His fingers explored. That was it. The other spokes were each encased in a gleaming chromium shell, snapped on over original white.

The mechanic, hanging his hose on the handcart's mast, looked at Henderson. He said, "That didn't happen here, Mr. Henderson. I meant to mention it to you when you first brung the car in, but I forgot."

Henderson was not listening. Unconsciously he signed the slip which the man prepared for him. His whirling thoughts fixed again on the wheel with its one unarmored spoke. His eyes flew to the clock. It was a quarter after five. There would be little traffic.

Gravel hissed under his tires as he swung in between the ornamental pillars. Was Flint here? Would Flint see him? But—what matter if Flint did see him now?

Grey would be asleep. Henderson must take care not to arouse Grey's suspicions, lest the man, on his guard, refuse . . . But Grey was not asleep. He was working on the washrack in high boots, water splashing from the hose in his hand and covering the sound of Henderson's approach.

Henderson said, "Hello," above the splatter of the stream.

The chauffeur dropped his hose and wheeled. "Oh, hello, Mr. Henderson. You're here early."

A chill apprehension had been born in Henderson as he walked into the garage. The shock of this made him reckless. "Where is the LaSalle, Grey?" he demanded. "The roadster—the one I borrowed one night last summer?"

"We sold it, Mr. Henderson, just a week——"

"To whom?"

"To some chap driving to California."

Grey, watching the chagrin deepen on Henderson's mouth, asked, "Was there something——?"

"I left something in the pocket the day I used it. Didn't remember it until this morning."

Grey said, "Maybe I have it. I cleaned out the pocket just before——"

Henderson seized his arm. "Show me."

The chauffeur took him to a cabinet of drawers at the far end of the garage. He opened a drawer. Henderson's nostrils contracted. His hand dove into the shallow tray amongst the miscellany of odd gloves, cigarette lighters, lipstick . . .

XXXIII

HENDERSON did not return on Monday. It was midafternoon Tuesday before he strode into the building lobby, carrying his attaché case. Monica Leeds, waiting near the directory, hurried toward him.

"Where is Clark?" she demanded.

Henderson took her arm, urged her on toward the elevators. "He should be here. He came down Saturday night."

"Then what have *you* been doing?"

"Wait."

Henderson, ignoring the greetings of those who waited for a car, took Monica's arm and threaded through to the corridor, hurried her along to the door marked *Flint*.

As he hesitated, with his hand on the knob, she asked, "Can you do it?"

He nodded, threw the door open.

There were a dozen men in the anteroom, waiting in a knot about a typist who wore a headphone with a single earpiece, his noiseless machine rustling under flying fingers. Finley Allen, who held the other receiver at his ear, gazed at them, his mild, magnified eyes widening. Shocked for once out of his accustomed neutrality, he blurted, "My God —you!"

"What are they doing?" Henderson demanded.

Bingham, burly Art Editor, looked up from the sheet jerking back and forth in the speeding typewriter. "Show's over. Judge'll charge the jury in five minutes. They cleared the court. Ted's giving us color."

Clark Malory, his burning eyes on Monica, took a step away from the group. He said, "How do you do, Miss Leeds?"

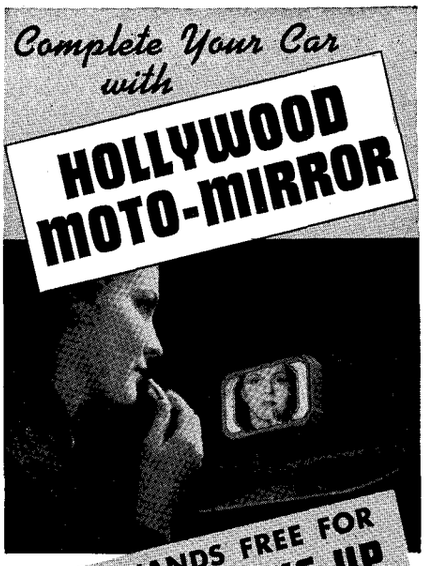
Sellars, Flint's secretary, said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Henderson, but you can't go in now."

"Why can't we go in?"

"Mrs. Norton has been with Mr. Flint all afternoon. Mrs. Norton, senior, came in a short time ago. They are both with Mr. Flint now."

Henderson's mouth was grim. "Come on, Clark." To Finley Allen, "Tell Ted not to leave that line."

Henderson, ignoring Sellars's protest, opened the door to Flint's inner, sound-



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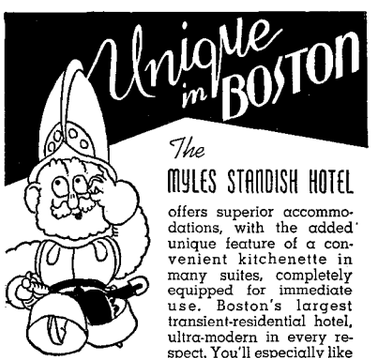

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proofed office. He stood back for Monica and Clark to enter. The boy looked at him sharply, high lights glinting on his polished lenses. "I thought you didn't work here any more, Henderson."

Henderson closed the door behind them. Flint sat at his desk, the angular planes of his narrow face flushed. Julia lounged on a chair arm in a corner of the room, her eyes angry, her red mouth sullen. Across the desk from Flint sat an erect, energetic matron with a Roman nose, a cigarette dangling from a corner of her thin lips, with an air of astringent disapproval and a Schiapparelli chic that shamed even Julia.

Flint's eyes leaped alive as Henderson closed the door.

Mrs. Norton turned, said sharply, "Baird! Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry I couldn't call you yesterday morning, Mrs. Norton."

The woman's hawk eyes fastened on Monica. She said sharply, "You're Monica Leeds," then to Henderson, "It's time you showed up. I was just telling Flint——"

"You may go, Clark," Flint interrupted.

Henderson said, "No."

Flint's glance leaped at him again with fresh hostility.

The boy looked at Flint and then back at Henderson, his burning eyes doubtful.

Henderson said quietly, "I came to tell you, Hugh, that I know who killed Phil."

Julia slipped from the arm of the chair and took a step toward them.

Mrs. Norton cried, "What?"

Flint's angular face was emotionless.

"It was not Rains," Henderson went on. "If Rains were to be electrocuted, two men would have died because Phil was murdered."

"Two?"

There was movement, a minute stifled movement.

"Rains," Henderson said, "and Danisher."

Again there was the movement, the quick, quenched spasm of a trapped animal.

"Danisher was killed the same night Phil was," Henderson said.

"How do you know?" Mrs. Norton cried. Her handsome face was white.

Henderson opened his attaché case. He took out the photostats, the flimsies bearing the traced signatures, arranged the latter so that their identical lineaments were as one. He showed the tracings to Mrs. Norton and laid them on Flint's desk. Julia, coming quickly, looked over Flint's shoulder.

"The signatures on these letters from Danisher were traced from one genuine copy," Henderson said.

Julia looked up intensely. "That doesn't prove that Danisher——"

"And this," Henderson went on, *"is a specimen from the typewriter on which they were all written."*

He took another sheet of paper from the case as Monica Leeds gasped.

"Let me see that," Flint commanded.

Henderson, with Monica at his elbow, walked to the desk and laid the sheet down. Mrs. Norton rushed to them to peer at the paper through her lorgnette. Flint moved one of the photostats, folded the paper and laid it down line-to-line. The similarity in typing was glaring: the broken serif on the "m," the notched leg of the "h," the angled "l."

"Where did you get this?" Flint demanded.

Julia walked back to the chair and threw herself into it.

"Phil was killed," Henderson said slowly, "in order that you could go on with *Fact-On-The-Air,* in order that he could not veto the expansion you so passionately——"

A hoarse cry from Norton's mother interrupted him. She was staring at Flint.

Flint, catching her eyes, leaped to his feet. His mouth moved twice mutely before he could gasp, "What are you saying?"

"That is true, isn't it, Clark?" Henderson asked.

As the others in the room stared at him, startled, the white-faced boy sank into a chair.

Henderson continued quietly, "You knew that Norton was unalterably opposed to *Fact-On-The-Air,* Clark, because you typed the memorandum that night—the memorandum in which he said so, defiantly. Isn't that right, Clark?"

Monica's hand on Henderson's arm tightened. Flint dropped into his chair. Mrs. Norton, standing beside him, leaned forward on the desk on her clenched hands.

"So you followed Phil out from town, didn't you, Clark? You came on him in the lane and offered to help him change the tire. Phil would never have changed a tire himself; it was quite appropriate for you to help him. You killed him. Danisher was wandering around near there that night. Danisher saw you. You were in a maniacal mood. So you killed Danisher out of——"

"No," the boy cried in a strangled voice. "That's a lie. Danisher attacked —" He checked himself, his eyes terrified.

"He attacked you? Perhaps he did. That doesn't matter. So you put Danisher's body into the car and drove away."

He paused a moment. No one in the tableau moved.

"But as you rushed away, skirting Phil's car widely, you struck a stump—and one of the chromium shields over the wire spokes on your wheel was ripped off. I found it the next afternoon. The rear tire had passed over it, flattened it. I didn't know what it was. I didn't know until day before yesterday. Then I knew what had happened, but I didn't know how to prove it.

"I went to Cambridge. The odds against my finding the typewriter on which you had written the Danisher letters were appalling, but— Well, I found the typewriter this morning, Clark, the old Royal in the back room of your college magazine office. That was incredibly careless of you."

The silence thickened. The boy's eyes moved from Henderson to Flint. His white face tightened. As Flint said nothing, there dawned in Clark's eyes slowly the glint Henderson had seen when Clark leaped at the waiter that night they dined together.

"Will you tell us," Henderson asked, "or must the police——?"

The glint blazed into wildness. Malory, wrenching his gaze from Flint, gave a delirious laugh. "The police! Do you think you can scare me with nonsense like that? The police! What can the police do? What can *any* of you do?" He broke off, and for an instant as his wild eyes sought Flint's face there was desperate appeal in them. Then it passed.

"I killed Norton," the boy shouted. "Do you hear me, Flint? I killed Norton." He rushed to the desk to bend down and peer at Flint with mad eyes. "None of you could have done that. His wife couldn't. *You* couldn't. No matter how you longed to, none of you could have done that."

He backed away from Flint. His maddened eyes quieted as they rested on Henderson. "You'll find Danisher with a set of tire chains and a gate around his neck at the bottom of the Sound off Sea Cliff—if you're so damned anxious to find him, Henderson."

As the boy whirled and sped to the door, throwing it open, Flint leaped from his desk and shouted, "Stop him!"

XXXIV

During the confusion, Julia slipped out. Henderson missed her when he returned to the office after word had been flashed to *Fact's* reporter at the other

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end of the open wire that he might rush back to the courtroom and send a scribbled note to the bench, while the newsroom at *Fact* exploded into new activity and the five o'clock closing gong clanged unnoticed in the hubbub.

Monica Leeds sat on the arm of the grief-wracked older woman's chair, her arm about the other's shoulders. Henderson closed the door, walling back the tumult outside. He walked across the quiet room and looked down, his eyes contrite.

He said softly, "It was a foul way to do it. But you were always such a good soldier . . ."

Mrs. Norton's suffering eyes sharpened. Her mouth was a harsh line. She said, "I can still take it, Baird," huskily, and tried to smile. "You used to like me when you were a youngster—for being a good soldier." Her groping hand caught his. He drew her up. She faced him a moment, struggling, and then her face sagged. She wept against his shoulder while he stroked her hair and murmured, "There, there," his own lips unsteady for an instant.

Monica walked to the window to stare out.

At last Mrs. Norton drew back, sniffed, said, "That was a hell of a thing to do," jerked the handkerchief out of his breast pocket, wiped her eyes, and put it back patting it sharply. She said, "I always liked you, Baird," softly. Then her voice sharpened again. "Come here," she called to Monica. "Sit down, you two."

She herself dropped into the chair behind the desk. "Where's Flint?" When Henderson said that Flint had gone home, she snorted, "These strong men." She picked up a paper knife and shook it at Henderson and Monica. "Can you two run *Fact?*" She waved her hand and went on without waiting for a reply. "Listen, I only got wise to this crazy radio scheme of Flint's about three weeks ago. He was doing exactly what Phil knew he would—wringing the golden goose's neck. Another six months, and the way he was throwing money down that funnel, *Fact* would've been broke. I got busy. Flint had forty per cent of the stock; he was voting my forty. There was twenty more scattered around, and in the last three weeks I've picked up eleven of it. So I'm calling the turn. That's what I wanted to see you about, Baird. Will you two do it?" she demanded.

Henderson said, "No, I——"

"We'll do it," Monica Leeds said firmly, "on one condition."

Henderson frowned at her.

Mrs. Norton asked, "What?"

"That an editorial contract is drawn up by lawyers we select—a contract that gives Baird and me absolutely unrestricted control of editorial policy for five years."

Mrs. Norton's eyes flashed. "How about it, Baird?"

"He will," Monica answered. "What do *you* say?"

There was a grim smile on Mrs. Norton's mouth. "I guess you'll do. Call up your legal lights while I go out and have a talk with the auditor."

Monica's eyes were burning when she turned to him after the other woman had gone. "A free hand!" she said.

"A free hand to——?"

"To try to do something we both believe in," she broke in rapidly. "I'm not a starry-eyed dreamer, Baird. It may be a terrible failure, but isn't it worth the gamble?" she pleaded. "*Fact* will go on. Someone must do it. Why not we?" She walked to him, caught his lapels.

Henderson drew a breath, tilted her chin up. "It's worth the gamble," he said. "But I've one condition of my own——"

"That," she interrupted, her gray eyes laughing, "was one of the things I had in mind, Baird darling."

A moment later Henderson threw the the door open and tumult engulfed them, the tumult of a closing day which was at once—fervently he made himself believe this—a closing and a beginning.

(*The End*)

[This serial—like all short stories and novels in SCRIBNER'S—is fictional; the characters, the situations, and the names are fictional. If anyone should find his name here, it is a coincidence the writer tried to avoid.]

Boake Carter

(continued from page 11)

him. After his name had been omitted for a time, he came to the editors and begged to be mentioned, even if unfavorably, as he was being forgotten. 'I shall never mention labor again,' I told those Johnnies. They begged me to reconsider, but I stood firm. I haven't mentioned labor in a broadcast since." The tone implied that the labor movement may founder in obscurity unless he relents.

Only once has Carter been sued for slander. That was when he accused Governor Harold H. Hoffman of New Jersey of delaying the Hauptmann execution to make political capital. Hoffman sued Carter, WCAU, CBS, and Philco for $100,000 apiece, although he instituted no libel suits against scores of newspapers which had made essentially the same comment. The suit dragged through New Jersey courts, with arguments hinging on whether they had any jurisdiction—the broadcast had been made from outside the State. The Governor finally granted all the defendants a release in return for what amounted to a retraction. Carter said he had never meant to impugn the Governor's good faith.

Carter frequently and very generously, he feels, warns his adopted countrymen against the wiles of Downing Street, but he has a warm admiration for the British royal family. "I am rather proud to have been once an Englishman" (he was naturalized in 1934), Carter said when Edward VIII abdicated, "for such courage one rarely sees." And, in reference to the same event: "Such drama—such a human interlude in the passage of Time that rolls inexorably forever onward—impressed itself only dimly on the human mind."

"But," he said a day later in mitigation of the tragedy, "in all this tense, tragic drama written abroad today one thing has surged to the forefront again—the amazing characteristic of the British that when they find themselves in a tight spot—a dangerous dilemma—they suddenly develop a most amazing level-headedness. It is a characteristic which has saved them from pitfalls into which other nations, less stable emotionally, have tumbled to their doom in the past. Kings may come and Kings may go—but it is strange—the British seem to be able to go on with the job of governing in a way that rides them through many an economic and social tempest which has wrecked many another nation. It is most irritating to others at times, that complex which seems to convey that the British are a 'Divine gift' to the surrounding world of less capable humanity, but it is a complex which is, for all its irritation, magnificent to watch in times of emergency."

This sounds like talk recorded by a stenographer, but Carter writes before he talks. He values his immunity from the editorial pruning pencil. CBS men

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who at one period used to read his stuff for libel say that Carter was almost physically sensitive to the handling of his copy. He appeared to try to watch every adjective on the paper simultaneously, to see that nobody took one.

During most of his Philco contract, Carter prepared his broadcasts in an office on the fifth floor of the WCAU building, a carnivalesque blue-and-white structure in the heart of Philadelphia. He has remained loyal to that city, and Philadelphia, accustomed to being deserted by home-grown celebrities, appears to be grateful. Ken Stowman, the manager of WCAU, says, "Carter is, without doubt, the biggest air feature ever developed in Philadelphia." Mounted policemen pridefully salute him as he drives by in his Cadillac. But since about a year ago, Carter has been coming into his Philadelphia office only once a week, usually on Thursday. He has been preparing his scripts and broadcasting from his home in Torresdale, where he has a studio that approximates a small newspaper city room. The Torresdale place includes the old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse which the Carters acquired when Boake was known as Harold. But they have built so many additional rooms that the original cottage is only a small nucleus lost in the present house.

Mrs. Carter, no longer a society editor, is engaged in a labor of love—a book about the wealthy Philadelphians whom she learned to detest during her working days. Gwladys, a tall polite girl who looks like a Tenniel illustration for *Alice in Wonderland,* attends a near-by girls' school, and there is a six-year-old son, Michael. The Carters have a swimming pool, but there is no atmosphere of Hollywood luxury about the place. It is an extremely pleasant home.

Carter is long past the stage when he bases his comments on newspaper stories. He subscribes to Trans-Radio Press, a news service designed for radio broadcasting stations. Two machines, exactly like those in newspaper offices, bring him the news by teletype. Hi West, a veteran newspaperman who once worked with Carter in Philadelphia, edits and arranges likely material as it comes over the printers. In addition to West, Carter says, he has a full-time reporter in Washington who communicates with him by telephone. Carter uses the telephone lavishly, a reaction against the restraint once imposed upon him by parsimonious newspaper auditors. He estimates his monthly bill at four hundred dollars.

E. Roy Moore, president of Trans-Radio, says that Carter pays five hundred dollars a week for foreign and domestic news coverage. Dr. Levy, a large owner of Trans-Radio stock, is an indirect beneficiary. Philco spent approximately $600,000 a year with the Columbia Broadcasting System for Carter's radio time in 1936 and 1937, when he was on a three-nights-a-week, coast-to-coast hookup. With Carter on five nights a week, General Foods Corporation probably will pay close to a million dollars for this time this year. Besides these profits accruing to the Levy-Paley enterprises, Dr. Levy, as Carter's personal agent, gets fifteen per cent of Carter's $125,000 a year.

IV

A VIRTUE no one can deny Carter is productivity. His prose may be garish, but it sprouts with the lush exuberance of bayberries or measles. Not content with producing a two-thousand-word radio script every working day, he writes a daily column for the Philadelphia Public Ledger Syndicate, and during the last two years has turned out four books. He has never had a ghost writer. The daily column, entitled "But—" is sold to about sixty newspapers, including the entire Hearst string. The newspapers reach about 4,000,000 readers. In his column he is more violently anti-Administration, anti-admiral and anti-C.I.O. than in his broadcasts. Carter's income from "But—" is small compared to his radio earnings—probably no more than $150 a week. Each of the books, *This Is Life, I Talk As I Please, Johnny Q. Public Speaks!* and *Why Meddle in the Orient?* has sold in the neighborhood of eight thousand copies—enough to earn a couple of thousand dollars in royalties. The commentator, however, uses up a good part of his royalties in long daily telephone calls to his publisher in New York and virtually compels the latter to spend most of his profits in return calls. He forgets that literature, unlike radio, is still a small-money business.

Carter begins writing his script at about three o'clock in the afternoon and finishes toward six. He goes on the air at six-thirty Eastern Time and talks for fifteen minutes. Carter repeats his broadcast at eight-forty-five for listeners in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast Time zones. After the repeat broadcast, he writes his syndicate column, generally sitting up in bed with a portable typewriter on his knees as he writes.

He has never missed a broadcast, although once, for a week or two, he had to talk from a hospital while he was ill with pleurisy, and another time, as he phrases it, "I had to broadcahst with my leg in a cahst." His schedule keeps him close to home five days a week. On week ends he likes to sail aboard a fifty-eight-foot ketch which he owns. Sometimes he sacrifices this week end on the water for a trip to Detroit to palaver with Father Coughlin. He says they are both potential victims of censorship.

With Philco, Carter soon moved into the front rank of news commentators, as rated by the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting. CAB has discovered that approximately ten out of every hundred radio sets in the country are tuned in on Carter while he talks. His most consistent rival through the years has been Lowell Thomas. Carter's rating rose spectacularly during the inquiry that followed the *Morro Castle* fire in September, 1934, when he raised the devil with steamboat inspection, the American merchant marine, and the Secretary of Commerce. It reached an all-time high of about fifteen during the Hauptmann trial in early 1935. It was evident that people still regarded him as an authority on kidnaping. But commentators' ratings at best never approach the figures attained by comedians, ventriloquists, and Major Bowes. Charlie McCarthy's rating once reached forty-six.

This knowledge may have dismayed Carter when he transferred to General Foods. While working for Philco, which had never previously sponsored a program, he had been virtually identified with that company's product. Philco was the first large Eastern manufacturer to concentrate on cheap but good small sets, following the lead of certain minor independent factories in California. The firm sold millions of these sets during the depression while competitors were still vainly trying to peddle their expensive cabinet models. Today, he ranks as the number five program in the General Foods list of nine. Carter (plugging Huskies and Post Toasties) is distinctly overshadowed by Robert Taylor and his Hollywood show (Maxwell House Coffee), Jack Benny (Jello), Burns and Allen (Grapenuts), and Kate Smith (Calumet Baking Powder). It may have been coincidence, but it was during his early days with General Foods that Carter began telling people that he was being "smeared." He said that the Administration and the Big Navy clique were trying to bar him from the air, even if they had to deport him to do it.

Carter maintains a great air of mystery about these attempts. He will not say that any official of the Labor Department actually threatened to deport him (there would be no grounds in any

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case) or that any Federal officer asked him to change the nature of his program. He looks solemn, mumbles about freedom of the press, and says that "the President sent Paul Anderson here to smear me, but Paul had to give me a clean bill of health." Anderson, who is the Washington correspondent of *The Nation,* says that Carter's scare had its only basis in the indignation of Joseph E. Davies, United States Ambassador to Belgium and naturally a strong Administration man, who is married to Marjorie Post Davies, a member of the General Foods board of directors. Davies wanted to have Carter fired from his breakfast-food chores. Since Colby M. Chester, the president of General Foods, is one of the most persistent Administration-baiters in the land, the Davies influence does not seem predominant.

Carter says that there was "pressure," that "there is no use banging one's head against a stone wall, really, is there?" and that he has therefore changed the character of his program, making it objective and dispassionate. As a sample of his new style, Carter showed me a broadcast he delivered during the fight on the Reorganization Bill.

"Hello Everyone—Huskies Time—Boake Carter speaking," the script began. "After some of the heaviest political pressure on Senators up for re-election ever seen in the last five years in Washington, the Senate passed the Administration's reorganization bill today by the narrow margin of seven votes. It was estimated that more than 100,000 telegrams were sent by constituents and groups objecting to the bill. There also was a large amount of pressure in favor of the bill. Most of this from inside sources rather than *outside independent organizations.*" (Italics mine.)

Carter's earnings, while they do not compare with those of a Jack Benny or an Eddie Cantor, are enormous by ordinary editorial standards. Of the $125,000 which he receives from General Foods, he must pay about $20,000 as an agent's commission, $25,000 to Trans-Radio for news service, $10,000 (very approximately) in salaries to Hi West, to his Washington legman and to his secretary, and $5000 in telephone bills. That leaves him with about $65,000 for himself, plus what he makes from his column, books, and endorsements.

The most difficult feat which he performs in return for this emolument is the establishment of a daily liaison between floods, earthquakes, politics, and breakfast food. The theory of a breakfast-food program without appeal to children is that the little wretches have to eat what their mothers buy. Carter works into his selling talk from an apparent news item, like a quarterback breaking a pass from a running formation. While working for Philco he performed this feat with maddening casualness: "The communists became enraged. Chautemps collapsed. So the picture of Europe bubbles again—and becomes a point of interest again for those who like to tune long distances on their Philco 116 Double X's. One does not have to double oneself into knots as of old to see if you're tuned just right. That's the pleasure of a Philco Double X."

The leap from world events to Huskies and Post Toasties requires a longer runback before the take-off.

"Mr. Everett Moss, of Wichita Falls, Texas, has a scheme that permits ladies to switch heels from one shoe to another in a jiffy," Carter will say. "But I know another scheme which is good for summertime, wintertime, springtime, all the time—and that's the scheme to whisper in the ear of your grocer that you want not only to look well, but want to feel good, too, and so he is hereby notified of a standing order, until further notice, to supply a couple of large, ten-ounce yellow-and-blue packages of Huskies to the family grocery orders every week. Well, I see by the clock that my time is up, so until tomorrow at this same time Huskies and I say to you—Cheerio."

Life in the U. S... Photographic

(*see page* 30)

1. MEMORIES, by F. Allan Morgan, 15 East 59th Street, New York. Linhoff camera; Carl Zeiss wide-angle lens; 1/100 sec. exposure; f11 aperture; Defender High Green Sensitive film; two photoflash lamps. Taken in attic of 200-year-old house on Cape Cod.

2. SEENIE ROETHER, by William Ward, 1504 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Rolleiflex camera; Tessar f3.5 lens; 1/500 sec. exposure; f5.6 aperture; green filter.

3. MURAL, by Ben Schnall, 13 East 40th Street, New York. Graflex camera; Bausch & Lomb 7½" lens; 1/100 sec. exposure; f14 aperture; Agfa supersensitive film; K2 filter. Picture of construction at World's Fair grounds, Flushing, L. I.

4. ZOO PIECE, by René Debussy, c/o Ewing Krainin, 44 East 50th Street, New York. Graflex "B" camera (4 x 5); Eastman Kodak Anastigmat 4.5 lens; 1/50 sec. exposure; f5.6 aperture.

5. FATHER AND SON, by Ruth Bernhard, 1930 Landa Street, Los Angeles, California. Thornton Ruby Reflex camera (2¼ x 3¼); 4.5 lens; 1/30 sec. exposure; f16 aperture; supersensitive panchromatic film; X5 filter. Taken in Japanese fishing village, San Pedro Harbor, Los Angeles.

6. WATERING PLACE, by Charlotte Post, c/o Loder, 476 Chanin Building, New York. Rolleiflex camera; f3.5 lens; 1/50 sec. exposure; f8 aperture; Superpan film.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

THE indestructibility of Marc Blitzstein's "play in music," *The Cradle Will Rock,* has been noted by many observers, among them Orson Welles who produced it with and without scenery, with a full orchestra and with only an upright piano, with actors in the audience, and with and without the audience. Now Musicraft has recorded virtually the complete work, dispensing with all visual enhancement, and, I am happy to report, perpetuated what many of us consider the first really vital American opera (set No. 18).

There is no point in recounting the amazing history of *The Cradle* here, or in attempting to describe Blitzstein's peculiar musical idiom for those who did not see the Mercury Theater's production last winter. The plot, as everyone knows by now, is a frank and militant expression of the left-wing drama. The action takes place in Steeltown, U. S. A., during the night of a union drive, and what follows is indicative of the growing class-consciousness in industrial centers all over the country. Mr. Mister, the villain of the piece, is the town's industrial magnate, and his grip upon business and the financial setup of Steeltown, and his employment of a Liberty Committee, results in misery and oppression. But the workers of Steeltown are being organized by Larry Foreman, and a note of hope pervades the situation: *that's thunder, that's lightning . . . and when the wind blows . . . the cradle will rock!*

Written in the vernacular, the text could not possibly have been sung by trained singers, else Blitzstein's direct method of musical characterization (and this is what I find so absorbing) would have been ruined. As he says, "Try to put a phrase like 'you keep your shirt on,' or 'I get arrested every week, yes, and sometimes twice a week; vagrancy it's called; I guess that's me,' into the mouth of any trained singer ('placed' voice, 'concert diction,' rolled *r's,* and so on) and the difficulty of casting becomes evident. The singing actor was an obvious solution, and the style which puts over a song and which is carried by personality. 'Operatic' tone was to be avoided; theater tone was the point."

The original Broadway cast of *The Cradle* is used in its recording, with Blitzstein playing the piano accompaniments, taking a few minor parts, and providing a description of the various scenes and a summary of the two or three deleted for recording purposes.

I am proud to have played a small part in encouraging the phonographic production of *The Cradle.* Like Blitzstein's radio song-play, *I've Got the Tune,* which I praised in these columns last January, it appeared singularly suited to loud-speaker presentation. If its form is not as solidly integrated as that of the broadcast piece, and despite its episodic development, it nevertheless retains the terrific drive and nervous tensity of the stage performance. Familiarity with the printed text (published by Random House) is recommended, for *The Cradle,* drastically shorn of unessentials, does not project itself with the long-range effectiveness characteristic of that minor masterpiece, *I've Got the Tune.*

*

Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* excerpts—*Minuet of the Will o' the Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs,* and *Hungarian March* (Columbia set No. X-94)—come under the same fine hand that gave us some months back an unforgettable performance of Mozart's G minor symphony. But if Sir Thomas Beecham found the London Philharmonic's playing of the buoyant Berlioz excerpts worth an irrepressible "Thank you very much!" (which you can hear at the whispered end of the exquisite *Dance*) his enthusiastic handsprings at the conclusion of this orchestra's performance of Sibelius' *Symphony No. 4 in A minor* can easily be imagined. The British conductor's version of this gaunt and majestic symphony—probably Sibelius' greatest achievement—will give listeners familiar only with Stokowski's recording of the work a completely different conception of its strange beauty; and, moreover, one unquestionably in accord with the composer's intentions (Victor set No. M-446).

In the same album will be found *Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey,* a tone-poem from the group Sibelius wrote around the Kalevala legends, and incidental music to Shakespeare's *The Tempest.* The recording of these works, and of the symphony, is extraordinarily fine.

The cause for Brahms' chamber music is admirably served by recordings of the *Sonata in D minor, op. 108,* for violin and piano, by Joseph Szigeti and Egon Petri (Columbia set No. 324), and of the *Sonata in F, op. 99,* for violoncello and piano, by Pablo Casals and Mieczyslaw Horszowski (Victor set No. M-410). Performances combining the talents of two such virtuosi as Szigeti and Petri are rare enough in concert or on records. In his sixty-second year Casals remains the world's greatest 'cellist; his playing here is something to marvel at, and in spite of the fact that the sonata is by no means one of Brahms' most successful creations.

Scribner's Recommends:

The following outstanding records from recent and current publications:

Orchestra

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 in B-minor* ("Unfinished"). London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. 330.

BEETHOVEN: *Leonore Overture No. 2, op. 72a.* London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. Columbia set No. X-96.

SOUSA: *Stars and Stripes Forever; Semper Fidelis.* Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Victor No. 4392.

Instrumental

MOZART: *Sonata in D for two pianos (K448).*

CLEMENTI: *Sonata in B-flat for two pianos.* Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye. Timely set No. 3-K.

CHOPIN: *Scherzo No. 3 in C-sharp minor, op. 39.* Simon Barer, piano. Victor No. 14926.

BACH: *Suite No. 4 in E-flat.* Iwan D'Archambeau, violoncello, unaccompanied. Musicraft Nos. 1045/6.

Popular

RODGERS-HART: "I Married an Angel."

At the Roxy Music Hall; How to Win Friends and Influence People. Audrey Christie with the Walter-Bowers Orchestra.

A Twinkle in Your Eye; Did You Ever Get Stung? Wynn Murray with the Walter-Bowers Orchestra. Liberty Music Shop Nos. L235/6.

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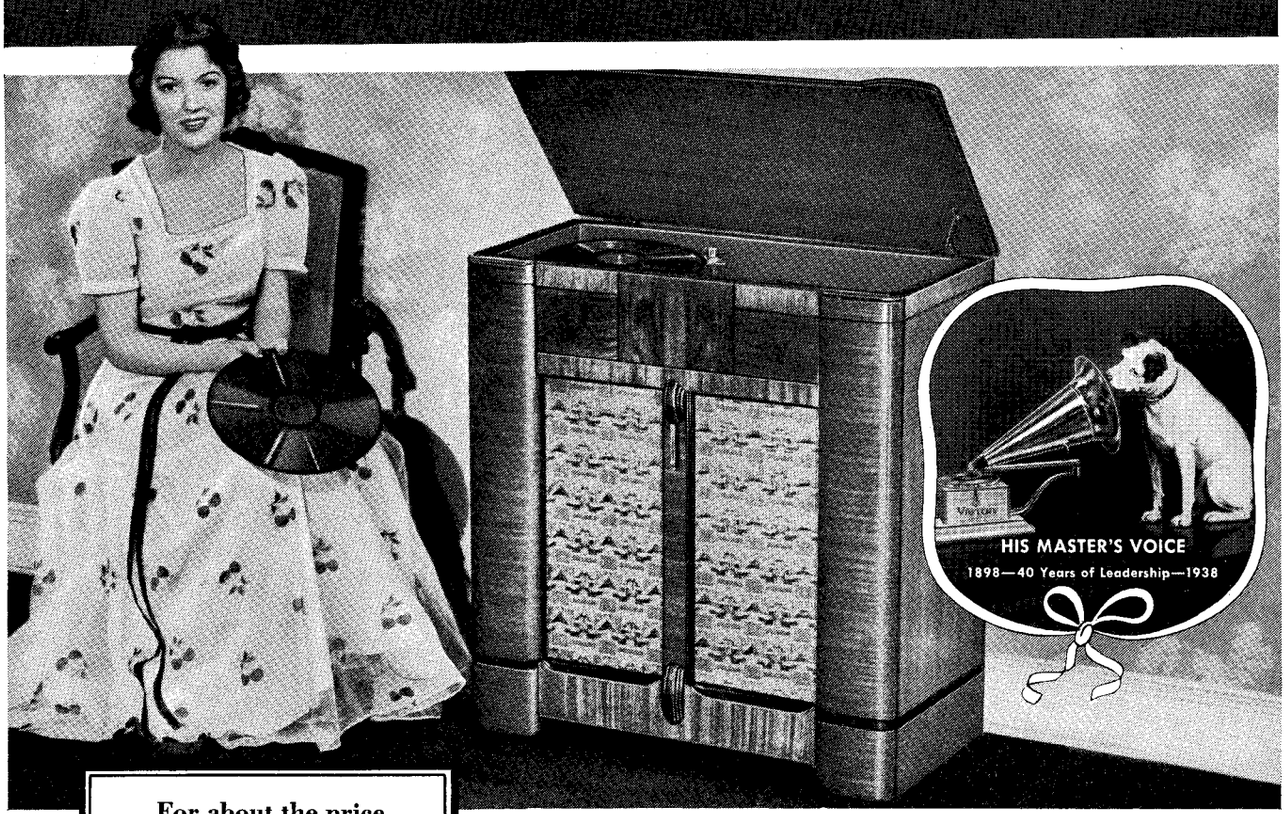

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Planters' Punch

1 Dessertspoon Sugar
2 Dessertspoons Fresh Lemon Juice
3 Tablespoons Cold Water
4 Tablespoons MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

Add dash of Bitters. Shake well. Serve very cold in tall glass with cracked ice. Add thin slice of Lemon and Orange. Stick of Pineapple and a Cherry.

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DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

In point of antiquity and tradition, rum yields higher rank to few liquors. It has long been the drink of pirates and other sailing men. It was the spirit which saved Captain Bligh and his officers when they were cast adrift following the mutiny on the *Bounty.* After 3600 miles of perilous voyage in the open boat, the Captain wrote: "The little rum we had was of great service; when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person, and it was joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions." As a product of America's three-cornered trade in the eighteenth century, rum figured importantly among the preludes to revolution. And today, the United States Government dignifies rum by producing its own Virgin Islands brand.

At this time of the year, the drink which presents rum in its most attractive form is the Planter's Punch, a concoction popular in America for many generations. Diaries of early slavery days in the West Indies reveal that the one bright spot in the lives of the plantation workers came with the refreshing draughts from a drink which was nothing else but the Planter's Punch, made strictly in accordance with the formula in use today.

Benjamin McMahon, in his *Jamaica Plantership,* published in 1839, tells of the Negro's delight in the punch made by his overseer "when him take rum for make strong, wata for make weak, limes for make sour and sugar for make sweet."

Here is the formula:

One of sour—(one part fresh lime juice)
Two of sweet—(two parts of sugar)
Three of strong—(three parts of old Jamaica rum)
Four of weak—(four parts of water and ice)

Add to this a dash of bitters, shake well, and serve very cold in a tall glass of cracked ice.

In order to make a really fine punch, ice is, of course, a prime necessity. Yet the first record of this improvement cannot be traced further back than the year 1806, when Jamaica and the other British West Indian colonies started to import ice from the United States.

H. Warner Allen quotes the following in his book entitled *Rum, the Englishman's Spirit:*

"Prisoners of war detained in the West Indies were allowed in 1794 a quarter-pint of rum a day, or, failing that, 'three pints of Small Punch made of good old rum and good Moscovado Sugar.' It will be remembered that West Indian Punch is a cold beverage, and in 1806, despite the non-existence of refrigerating devices, some enterprising

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person tried to provide the planters with ice. Authorization was given in that year for the transport of three cargoes of ice and snow from the United States to Jamaica, Barbados, and Antigua 'as a matter of experiment.'"

Horace V. Myers, the rum king of Jamaica and one of the original shareholders when the first ice company was established there, gave me his personal theory as to how Planter's Punch came to be needed and, consequently, invented.

"The planter," he said, "was usually in his saddle from the wee hours of the morning, and would ride to the farthest fields so as to get there when daylight was expected. By the time he returned from the morning rounds, say any time before 11 o'clock, he would be ready for his breakfast, but would doubtless need a bracer or two before, and possibly during and after, breakfast. Then he would have a sleep and be ready to start out again at about 2 P.M., going to the Boiling House where the sugar was being made, and to the Distillery where the rum was being made. He probably had even more Planter's Punches to brace up his appetite for dinner."

There is no question that the original formula calls for fine old Jamaica rum, although the custom has spread in America since repeal to use the lighter, or Cuban and Puerto Rico, types for those who favor a milder draught. But light or strong, Planter's Punch is a superb summer drink.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: Can you suggest several cocktails to be made with sloe gin?

ANSWER: Here are four excellent recipes:

LADY ALEXANDER

One-half sloe gin
One-quarter crème de cacao
The white of an egg
One dash of angostura bitters

SPRINGFIELD

Two-thirds sloe gin
Two dashes each of French vermouth, Cointreau, and crème de cacao
One dash of bitters

SLOE GIN BLOSSOM

Two-thirds sloe gin
Juice of half an orange
Two dashes of French vermouth
One dash of bitters

OLD IRONSIDES

Two-thirds sloe gin
Two dashes of lemon juice
One dash each of Italian vermouth, New England rum, and orange bitters

Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

SOME years ago Ben Ames Williams wrote a newspaper novel called *Splendor*. It was a pitiful story about a fellow who began as a clipper in the morgue, rose to be the bicycle-page editor, went on to dizzier summits of success, and then slipped back, by slow degrees, to the morgue. He had been through the seven ages of the newspaperman's life.

I read *Splendor* when I was a cub reporter, and it helped scare me out of the city room. But the point of Mr. Williams's novel, if I remember it at all accurately, resided not in its cyclic structure, but in its title. The world of his typical newspaperman was a world of color and movement, a world of splendor, and even though the hopeful aspirant never really got anywhere, never became a managing editor or a proprietor or a millionaire, it was enough that he had lived his life in an interesting period and in a fruitful clime. Mr. Williams was, of course, writing in the 1920's, long before most of our collective hopes had been dashed, and his mood was the mood of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* or of Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday,* a soft, nostalgic mood that tended to gloss over the disappointments inherent in mediocrity.

Clyde Brion Davis's story of a newspaperman, *"The Great American Novel . . ."* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50), is a more subtle book than Mr. Williams's, but it tells essentially the same story. Mr. Davis's Homer Zigler (a bantamweight physically, and a lightweight mentally) is a poor sap who dreamed back in 1906 that he had it in him to write "the great American novel." He took up newspaper work in Buffalo, Cleveland, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Denver to prepare himself for the writing of that novel, and in his spare moments he keeps a journal of his observations on life and letters. The journal, offered in the spirit of dead-pan comedy, is Mr. Davis's book. It is a heart-rending piece of fiction, almost as heart-rending as Ring Lardner's *The Golden Honeymoon* or some of Sherwood Anderson's early stories. But its sheer virtuosity sometimes defeats Mr. Davis's aim, which was to portray the All-American Lit'ry Dupe. Homer Zigler is dumb, his comments on life, letters, and politics are either idiotic or conventional, or a combination of the two. But Mr. Davis can't always hold the pose: every so often Homer Zigler undergoes a subtle transmutation and becomes Mr. Davis. Homer may be a bum judge of literature (for example, he takes Irving Bacheller, Rex Beach, and Harold Bell Wright seriously), but Homer occasionally produces a literature himself that is far beyond the powers of a sap. His record of the time when he and his pal Tom Rogers picked up Betty Butzer, the hophead daughter of the Sawdust King, in San Francisco, and his account of a cock-eyed conversation that goes on during a newspapermen's poker game in Denver, are better examples of reporting than any Homer ever had to pass on as News Editor of the Denver *Call*. When Homer Zigler is writing at the top of his bent, one suspects him of pulling a hoax in the remainder of his journal. And when Homer says that Dreiser is a good reporter who "ought to telephone his novels to a good rewrite man," one has a feeling that he is kidding his public about Rex Beach.

In brief, Homer Zigler doesn't quite hang together; Ben Ames Williams's story of a newspaper mediocrity was far closer to the actual mark. But if Mr. Davis's sense of character is not entirely certain or consistent, I would not have him different for all the Ben Ames Williamses in the world. His story of Homer Zigler, if uneven, is the story of Everyman, dumb or brilliant. Nearly every adolescent has some glorified notion of himself that he fails to live up to in life. (Which is lucky for the world, or we should all be boring each other with our flights of genius.) The trouble with Homer is that he keeps his original Great American Novelist dream intact, just as he keeps the vision of his childhood sweetheart Fran Harbach intact. He must have been a capable run-of-the-street newspaper desk man, or he would never have risen to the munificent sum of $90 a week (good pay in any newspaper circles) on the Denver *Call*. But he never really wanted to be a desk man, and that was the trouble. Romanticism

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caught him young, as it caught Madame Bovary, and he played the romantic to the last. His wife Pearl became a shrew, and his son married a sallow, bespectacled girl and went to work for the WPA. It is all so harrowing that it sends a lump into your throat. But only because the realities of Homer's life never came anywhere near matching his dreams. Judged by the same standard, no one in this entire world is happy. Yet Homer actually had a good life by all save the romantic touchstone. He was titillated by everything he read, from Irving Bacheller to Somerset Maugham and Ernest Hemingway. He had twenty years of being proud of his boy Byron's possibilities. He had an exciting time as News Editor of his paper during the War years. He played poker and bet on elections. He bought golden-oak furniture, and if he was never quite clear of debt he always had something coming in. And if he didn't love his wife there is no evidence that he had the stuff in him to make a husband, anyway.

But no matter how you regard Homer, whether as tragic, comic, or tragicomic, "*The Great American Novel . . .*" is a first-rate virtuoso performance. Mr. Davis's dead-pan irony is the best that has come this way since Ring Lardner died. If there is a cliché of social or literary thought that Homer Zigler misses, I would like to see it.

In short, he is like all of us: a parrot. Some of us hide our likeness to that bird in flossy language; some of us obviously echo Homer Zigler. But in a measure we are all Homer Ziglers, which makes Mr. Davis's book a masterpiece of pathetic universality.

In Short

Fiction

THE DOOMSDAY MEN, by J. B. Priestley. A mildly entertaining adventure spoof. A charming English architect, a beautiful American girl mixed up in a science-end-of-the-world story. Harper, $2.50.

THE BARLY FIELDS, by Robert Nathan. Reprinted in one volume are five short novels by one of the wisest, most amusing writers of today. Written with wit and imagination, they have nothing to do with world conditions. They are stories about people. Recommended to every reader. Knopf, $3.

THE DARK RIVER, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. A popular love story set in modern Tahiti by the authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *The Hurricane*. Little, Brown, $2.50.

SCOOP, by Evelyn Waugh. Sophisticated author of *A Handful of Dust* does farcical novel on English war correspondents. If you don't laugh, it's your fault. Little, Brown, $2.50.

SOUTHWAYS, by Erskine Caldwell. Sixteen sharp, simple stories in sturdy lean prose by the vital young author of *Tobacco Road*. He salts his situations with humor, satire, social comment. He knows his people. Viking, $2.50.

Nonfiction

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, by Margaret Halsey. American professor and wife living a year in England with vacations in Scandinavia and the Continent. She keeps diary a la Yankee-ette at the Court of King Arthur. Continually, normally funny. Simon & Schuster, $2.50.

TRENDING INTO MAINE, by Kenneth Roberts. The Maine-born and -bred author of *Northwest Passage* describes Maine as he knows it. A sketch of early history, then ship-building days, comment on hunting, fishing, cooking, sea serpents, lobstering, potatoes, and vacation land. Good value by an admirer who lets you in. With fourteen illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth. Little, Brown, $4.

THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY, by Mario and Mabel Scacheri. Professional photographers explain with samples how to turn ordinary photographs into successful ones, not by camera technique or gadgets, but by training the eye, mind, and imagination behind the lens. Concrete, not arty. With 375 half-tones. Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

THE ROLLING WORLD, by Richard Hallett. Fast-reading adventure-reminiscences. Harvard to square-rigger, Australian bush to tramp steamer, mining to quiet Maine home. Written lightly and humorously. Houghton Mifflin, $3.

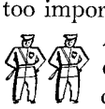
SAVE AMERICA FIRST, by Jerome Frank. Free of the usual clichés that clutter many current examinations of America's position in world affairs, Mr. Frank's book is the most devastating discussion of politics and economics that has appeared in months. Harper, $3.75.

ROOSEVELT: A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER, by Emil Ludwig. Herr Ludwig's enthusiasm for the President and for his accomplishments outdistances the impartiality requisite in top-rank biography. Viking, $3.

Mysteries

Death from a Top Hat, by Clayton Rawson (Putnam, $2), wins all the prizes this month, hands down. It mixes murder, magic—and considerable mirth—to the queen's taste. The first man killed is a nasty delver into the occult, appropriately named Sabbat. The second corpse is Tarot, "King of Cards." The quicker-than-the-eye detecting is done mainly by the Great Merlini, who achieves amazing things with coins—and, in the end, practically the whole Society of American Magicians is called in. It's a dexterous yarn, amazingly well written and cram-jammed with hair-raising surprises.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The Wall* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2)—a tale of triple homicide in a New England coast summer resort—packs more thrills, suspense, action, and Mrs. Rinehart's own particular brand of humor than anything of hers in this genre since the glorious days of *The Man in Lower Ten* and *The Circular Staircase*. The local sheriff bests the slick city fellers completely, the plot is most intricately tangled, and the unraveling, barring some annoying forecasting of sinister events which aren't too important, is quite satisfactory.



All the evidence in two murders pointed toward the homicidal maniac who escaped from the asylum in *Madmen Die Alone*, by Josiah Greene (Morrow, $2), but Capt. Prescott thought differently. Whether he was right or wrong, and what finally "broke" a particularly spooky series of slayings, composes this good example of the Hospital School of murder stories.

Not long ago someone complained about the dearth of female detectives. The ladies, bless 'em, are coming into their own this month. In *There Is No Return*, by Anita Blackmon (Crime Club, $2), Miss Adelaide Adams and her friend Ella Trotter, along with a young newspaperman, effectively solve the seemingly supernatural murders which horrified the guests at a dismal inn atop a lonely mountain. Somebody with devilish designs had been fooling around with spirits—ghostly not alcoholic—and the inn is strewn with disemboweled cats, bats, and slaughtered guests. It pans out a little too pat, but the creepy feeling is continuous.

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.

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True Stories

(continued from page 29)

American, Pictorial Review, Esquire, or *Liberty*. With a guaranteed circulation of 2,200,000 and a black-and-white page rate of $4950 *True Story* gave advertisers 444.4 readers per dollar, compared with the *American's* 400, *Cosmopolitan's* 369.5, and the *Woman's Home Companion's* 327.4. Every copy of *True Story* that hit the stands carried 15 cents' worth of advertising, which to laymen compares surprisingly well with old-line favorites in the mass field. For instance, each single copy of the *American* carried 16 cents' worth and *Cosmopolitan,* 18 cents'.

The three little sisters of *True Story,* which have a combined guaranteed circulation of 1,650,000, brought to Macfadden's coffers an estimated gross advertising revenue of $1,657,163 last year. Each magazine gave its advertisers an even 500 readers per dollar, and each single copy carried 8.4 cents of advertising.

True Confessions and *Romantic Story,* the two Fawcett sin-and-suffer books, gladdened the heart of Captain Billy to the extent of $934,990, with a combined guaranteed circulation of 1,275,000. The average single copy carried 6.1 cents of advertising; *True Confessions* guaranteed advertisers 454.5 readers per dollar and *Romantic Story,* 500.

Delacorte's *Modern Romances,* which guaranteed advertisers a sale of 700,000, sold $713,524 worth of space. Advertisers got 451.6 readers for their dollar, and spent 8.5 cents for space in every single copy.

That is the answer of business. For these seven magazines, last year's answer exceeded $7,000,000.

VI

Last year the northeastern part of the country, that is, New England and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, absorbed nearly one-third of the confession magazines. Illinois, Ohio, and California were also big buyers. From a per capita point of view, however, the people of Nevada led the entire country in their purchase. And if you walk down the main drag of a town of from 2500 to 10,000, you'll meet a confession-book reader oftener than you would in places bigger or smaller. This doesn't mean a great deal, because the Northeast looms equally large in bulk distribution of other magazines, and California is a big word in any circulation department. As for the Nevadans, they also took more copies of the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* per head than the people of intellectual Massachusetts or literate Iowa. Nevada, in fact, always ranks high in per capita sales of food, clothing, and gadgets, as do the people in the 2500-10,000 towns.

What is significant, and what has escaped general attention, is the true-story book's vigorous permeation of foreign countries. The English now have their own *True Story,* and so do the Dutch, the French, and the Scandinavians. *True Story* in England, seven years old, sells more than 180,000 copies. *Wahre Geschichten,* which is German for "True Story," ran up to 600,000 in pre-Nazi days, and still goes big. The Swedish *True Story* is called *Hela Varlden,* "The Whole World," and sells 239,000. Women of Holland, in *Ware Verhalen,* read the same stories that grip the housewives of Buffalo. Fawcett's *True Confessions* has been published in Scandinavian countries for six years, and sells over a quarter of a million. And last spring, in *Confidences,* subtitled *Histoires Vraies,* Mr. Macfadden presented to France his tales of love and repentance.

September
Wahre Geschichten
Brigitte Horney, im Leben und im Film
Tragödie in Dardschiling • Menschen im Flugzeug • Habe ich ein Recht auf Glück • Ich habe mein Wort gehalten, u. a.

German True Story, *some art and stories from America, locale and idiom altered*

Like our dime novels, our gangster movies, and our jazz music, the Great American Purge Story has become an important cultural export. Whether it speaks with the folk-voice of America, whether it is the real proletarian literature sought by critics in more academic places, or whether its appeal is due to an unlocalized need for catharsis is a matter for pondering. *True Story's* editor sees a relation between his readers and members of evangelical creeds, and attributes the magazine's popularity in England and Scandinavia to this factor. The Buchman movement, with its public recitals of sin, is also at home in those countries. Followers of Freud might say that while Catholics have their confessional, Protestants have their purge literature. Possibly Macfadden's new venture in France will serve as a test tube.

What sort of people read these magazines abroad we can only guess, but there have been practical attempts to isolate the typical American reader. The Fawcetts, summarizing 16,808 answers to questionnaires sent to readers of their women's group, tell us that the average reader is a medium brunette married woman 25.5 years old, who has more girl children than boys and who is supported solely by her husband, who gets between twenty dollars and sixty dollars a week and is most likely a skilled laborer.

Two years ago a questionnaire on marriage problems was sent to *True Story* couples, with the offer of a New York holiday to the couple most typical of the average attitude. Forty-five thousand returns showed that they favored twenty-five as the best marriage age for men, twenty-one for women. They considered children imperative but believed in birth control, thought wives shouldn't work outside the home, opposed divorce, and were religious but tolerant of the faiths of others.

True Story's "Ideal Couple" turned out to be a Mr. and Mrs. McDonell, who lived in Gainesville, Florida, and had two children. Mr. McDonell worked for the State Highway Department and Mrs. McDonell had been a typist before marriage. She had read *True Story* since she was sixteen and had developed a strong regard for its publisher. Her chief concern, as she and Mr. McDonell did New York at Mr. Macfadden's expense, was whether her children back home would get to Sunday School on time. When shown her hotel suite, she was delighted, but shook her head reproachfully.

"Mr. Macfadden shouldn't have done all this," she said. "He shouldn't have done it."

[This is the sixth article in our series on magazines that sell. The seventh will appear next month.]

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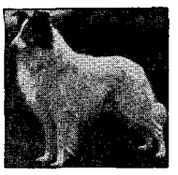

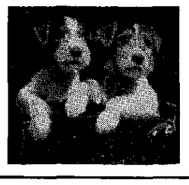

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Dog Champions

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

As the dog-show campaign rolls into the lull month of August, with the busy fall schedule just ahead, many fanciers are sprinting over the calendar to select their 1938 champion in advance.

At the current writing, our first choice must be that marvelous little smooth fox terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, owned by James M. Austin and his daughter Betty, of Old Westbury, L. I. Under the fault-searching gaze of one fancier after another, Saddler has turned the fox-terrier fancy upside down with consistent victories over the more popular wires, and he has gone on to a collection of group and best-in-show awards which will not be topped this year.

But the two biggest shows of the year did not fall to Saddler. At Westminster, Daro of Maridor, a sensational English setter puppy owned by Dwight W. Ellis, Jr., of East Long Meadow, Mass., went up at the age of eleven months. When Daro fell sick, a litter brother, Maro of Maridor, came on to lead all sporting dogs at Morris and Essex.

At Morris and Essex, Harry T. Peters, the squire of Windholme, reached across the Canadian border to find his best-in-show dog in Leonard F. Collins's Ch. Ideal Weather, that rumbling Old English sheepdog. Ideal Weather has not moved throughout the circuit, but he carried off the chief prize at the big Chicago show and must be rated a contender.

From the shaggy bobtail we turn to the sleek, low-slung dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, owned by C. Hyland Jones of New Jersey. It is almost certain that the A.K.C. will name him the outstanding American-bred of the year. He will have traveled 20,000 miles by then, and no native dog will have beaten more specimens of his breed or won more member-show groups than he.

A galaxy of good ones pass in review: Mrs. Sherman Hoyt's white poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau; Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb, coal-black specimen of the same breed; John B. Royce's heavily coated Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn; Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Milbank's powerful Labrador retriever, Earlsmoor Moor of Arden; Louis J. Murr's stately borzoi, Vigow of Romanoff; Mrs. Leonard Buck's cocker spaniel, Ch. Blackstone Reflector; Mrs. Florence B. Ilch's grand veteran collie, Bellhaven Black Lucason.

Which will be the champion? The court rests.

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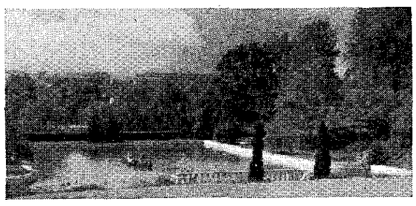

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EDUCATION

Ensigns and Books

The papers reveal that Secretary of the Navy Swanson is requiring young naval officers to do more reading. Before getting a permanent commission, a graduate of the Naval Academy must now put in eighteen months reading up on philosophy, ethics, biography, fine arts, and other subjects. He must read a book every three months and write a 1000-word appreciation of it.

Secretary Swanson's reading program springs, he says, from the highly technical nature of instruction at Annapolis. It is not certain that this deficiency will be removed by the year-and-a-half plan. Enforced reading is usually worthless. But it is interesting to see American naval officers compelled to read books while the products of the German military machine are burning them.

College Presidents

Thousands of college students in this country have spoken familiarly of "Prexy." Some have had the pleasure or displeasure of close personal relationship with him, but many have known him only as a power on high, a sort of superpedagogue wrapped up in ivy and mystery. Now one of these "Prexies," James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan University, has dug into the lives of scores who hold similar positions and, in May's issue of *The Educational Forum,* lays down a barrage of facts which reveal the presidents' backgrounds, records, training, salaries, ages, and idiosyncrasies. It may be an eye-opener for faculty members and students and, possibly, for the presidents themselves.

Dr. McConaughy's characterizations of some of the picturesque presidents are interesting:

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Fighting fire with fire is the technique of the Committee on Education which will participate in the coming New York World's Fair.

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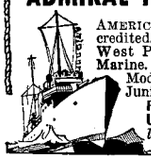
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Quotes of the Month

One Sunday not long ago the New York *Times* ran on its education page a headline reading: "CALLS FEDERAL AID THREAT TO SCHOOLS." The next Sunday, in precisely the same position, was another: "HOLDS FEDERAL AID VITAL TO EDUCATION." No inconsistency on the part of the newspaper, it was a representation of both sides in one of today's most important debates relating to education. Specifically, the controversy rages over the Harrison-Thomas Bill, which would have the Federal Government spend a considerable sum on elementary education in various States.

Speaking for the opposition, Dean J. B. Edmonson of the University of Michigan, pointed to conditions imposed by the Bill and raised the question: "How much Federal control and direction of education must be accepted as the price of Federal aid for public schools?" He concluded: "If we desire to defend the traditional freedom of State and local responsibility and initiative, the Harrison-Thomas Bill should be amended so as to provide a grant of funds without so many strings attached."

On the other side was Dr. Newton Edwards of the University of Chicago. He declared: "Many of the American States, try as hard as they may, find it entirely impossible to offer their youth educational opportunities at all comparable to those provided in States of average wealth. . . . The only agency through which the necessary financial adjustments can be made for a more nearly equalizing educational opportunity is the Federal Government."

—R. B.

The Scribner Quiz—Answers

(see page 38)

1. The main body of the craft (3)
2. 45,000,000 (4)
3. Wedgwood (6)
4. The conquest of war (2)
5. The largest U. S. cavalry school (2)
6. To go easy on the beer-glass foam (2)
7. Tuberculosis (3)
8. New Hampshire [Hanover] (2)
9. Filet mignon — lamb [beef] (3)
10. A 13th-century Mongol conqueror (2)
11. The fight against yellow fever in Cuba (2)
12. Married a girl 39 years his junior (2)
13. Trees (2)
14. U. S. railroads are at last satisfied (4)
15. Participant in the duel at dawn (1)
16. Aureole (3)
17. Furs (2)
18. William Gibbs McAdoo [74] (5)
19. AY-gew (1)
20. The Parthenon (1)
21. A prominent hotel in Quebec (2)
22. Award of the Pulitzer Play Prize (2)
23. A spearlike tower and a huge ball (4)
24. Carlsbad Caverns National Park (2)
25. Mulberry leaves (5)
26. Peru (2)
27. Africa (4)
28. Water (3)
29. Three [Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley] (3)
30. Squirting it into mouth from nose (4)
31. Railway Express Agency, Inc. (3)
32. The sons of Adam and Eve (3)
33. A soprano (5)
34. "Was not spoken of the soul." (2)
35. The Nazis in Czechoslovakia (1)
36. A battle defeat in the Spanish War (2)
37. Cabin (2)
38. Gabardine (6)
39. Clemenceau (5)
40. A jumping-frog contest ["The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"] (1)
41. Short-legged, long-haired, and small (2)
42. Straits Settlement (4)
43. He loves the U. S. (3)
44. MCMXXXVIII (3)
45. The Pacific Ocean (4)
46. "Arise front legs first!" (2)
47. Le Comte de St. Quentin (5)
48. Johann Strauss (2)
49. A new giant Douglas transport (1)
50. Comrade (3)

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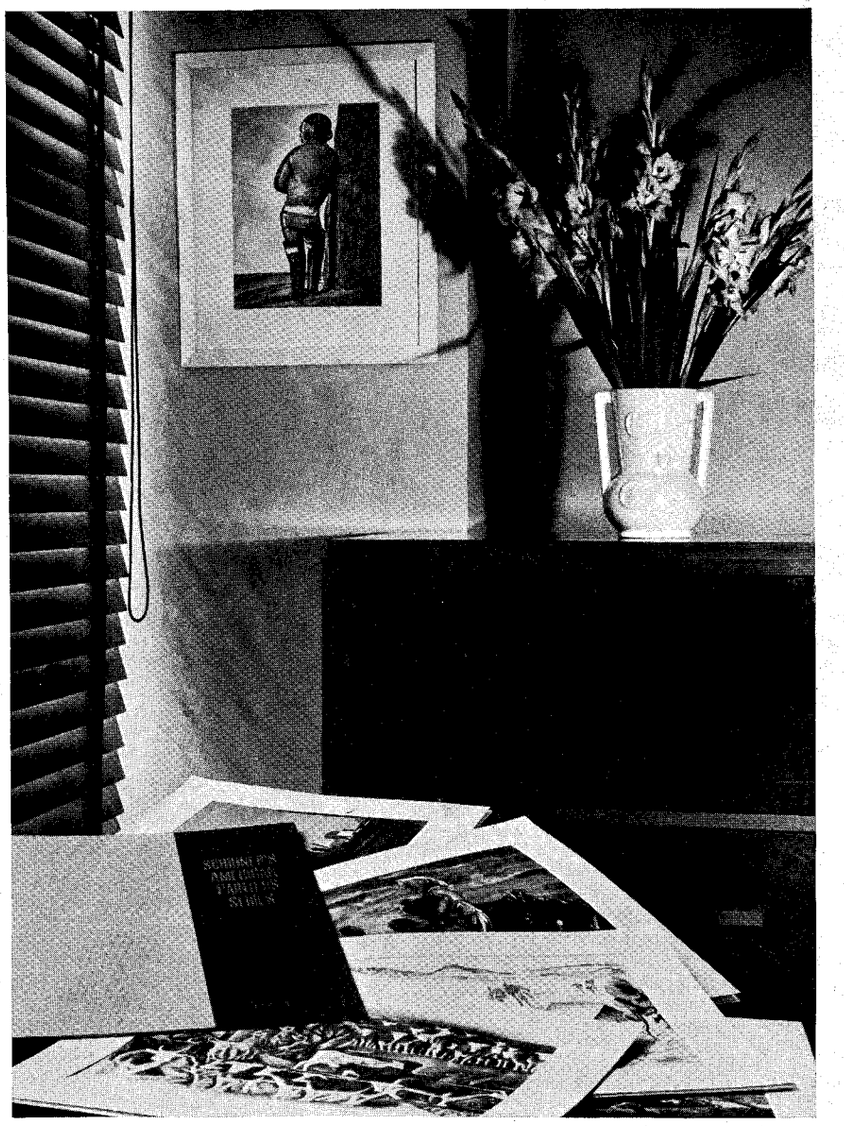

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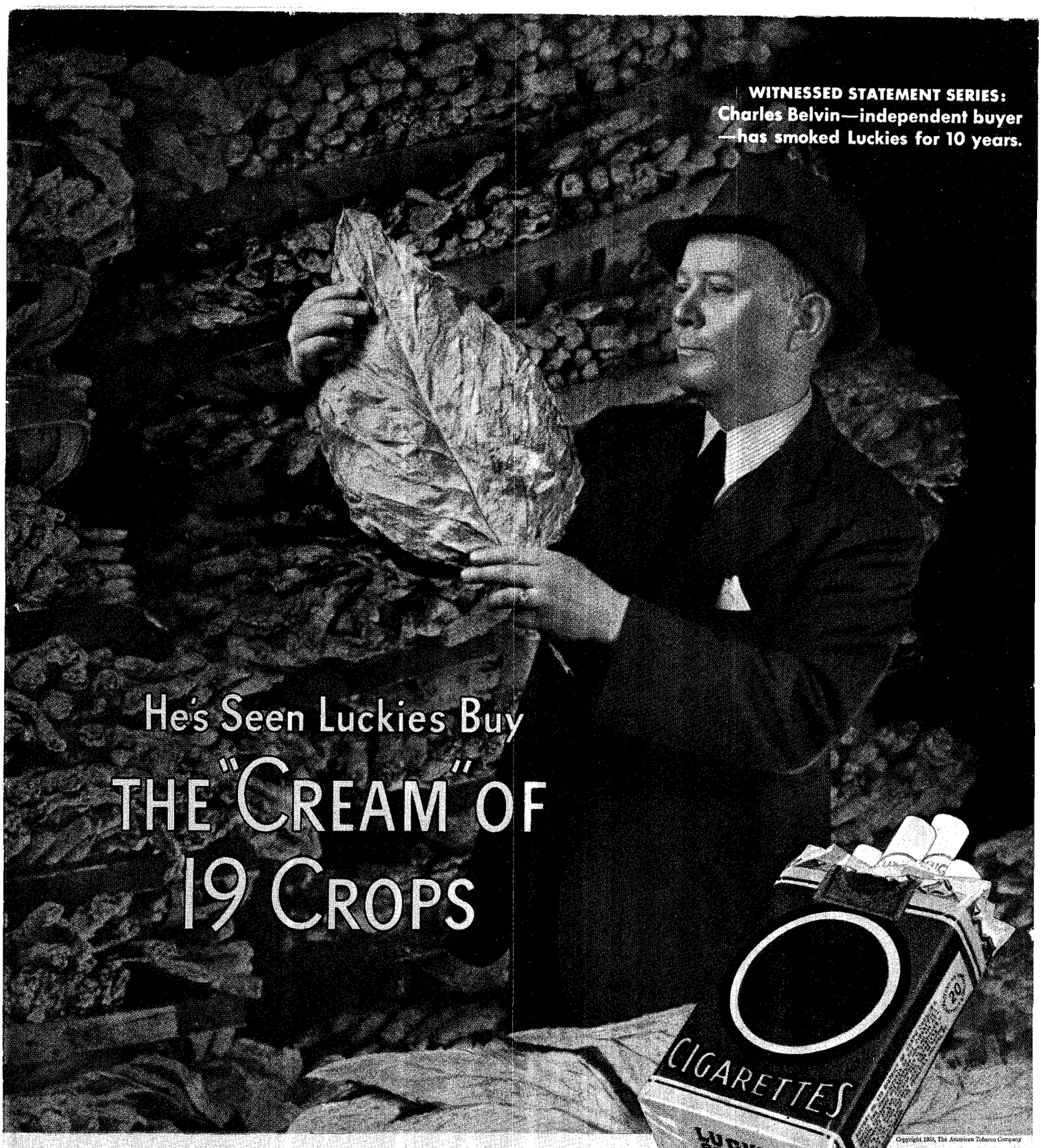

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